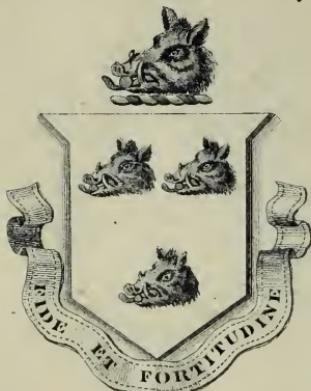


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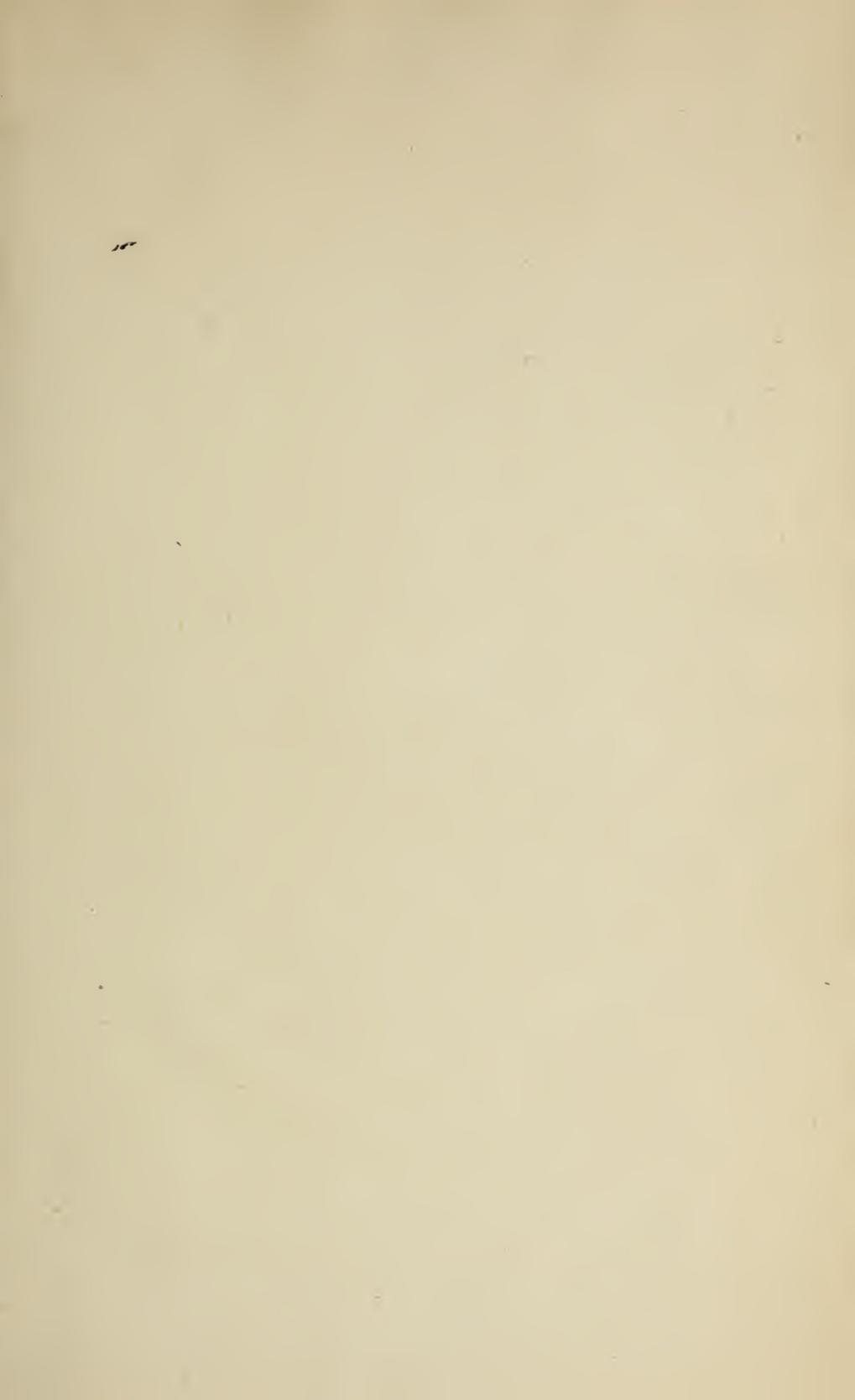
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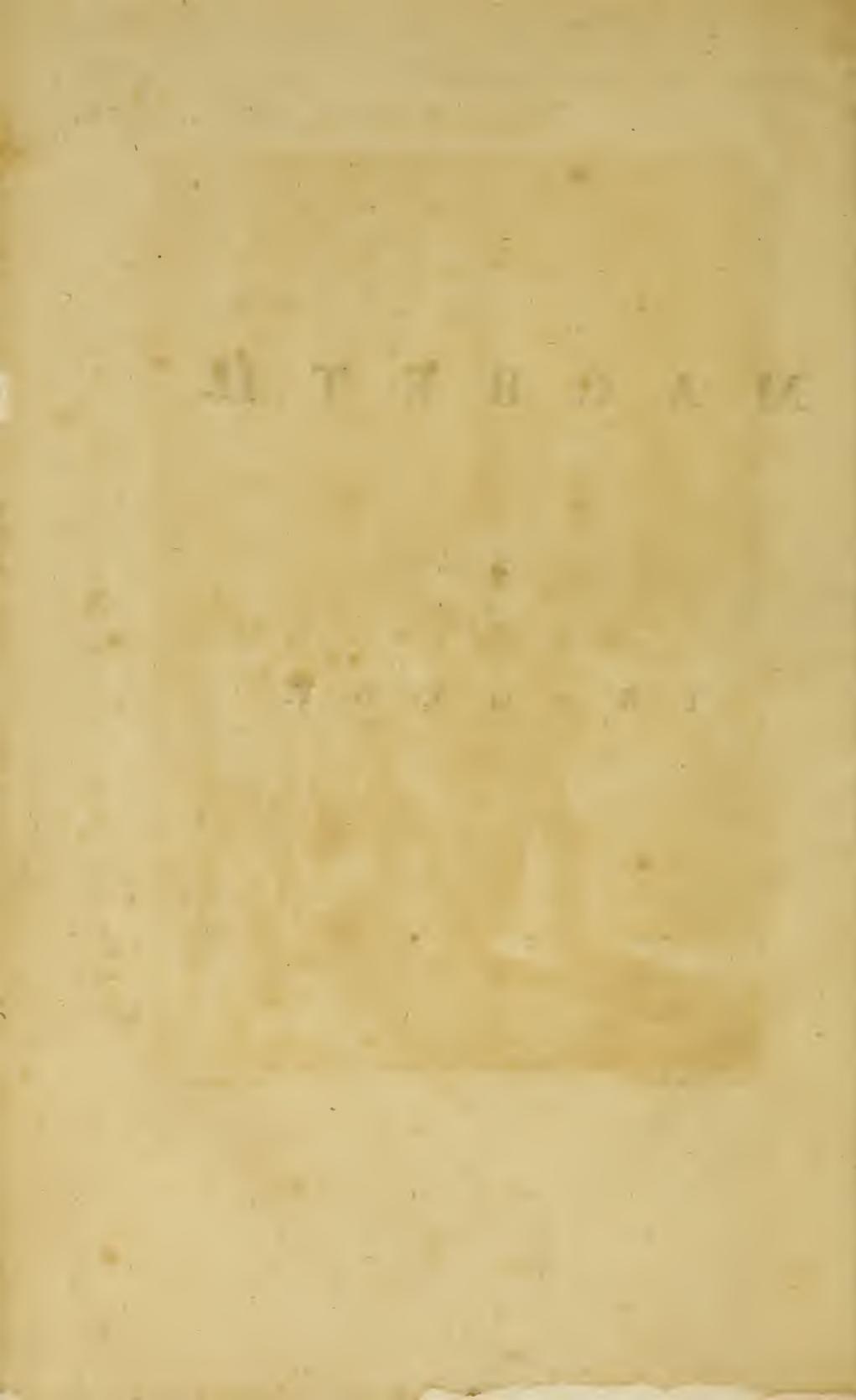
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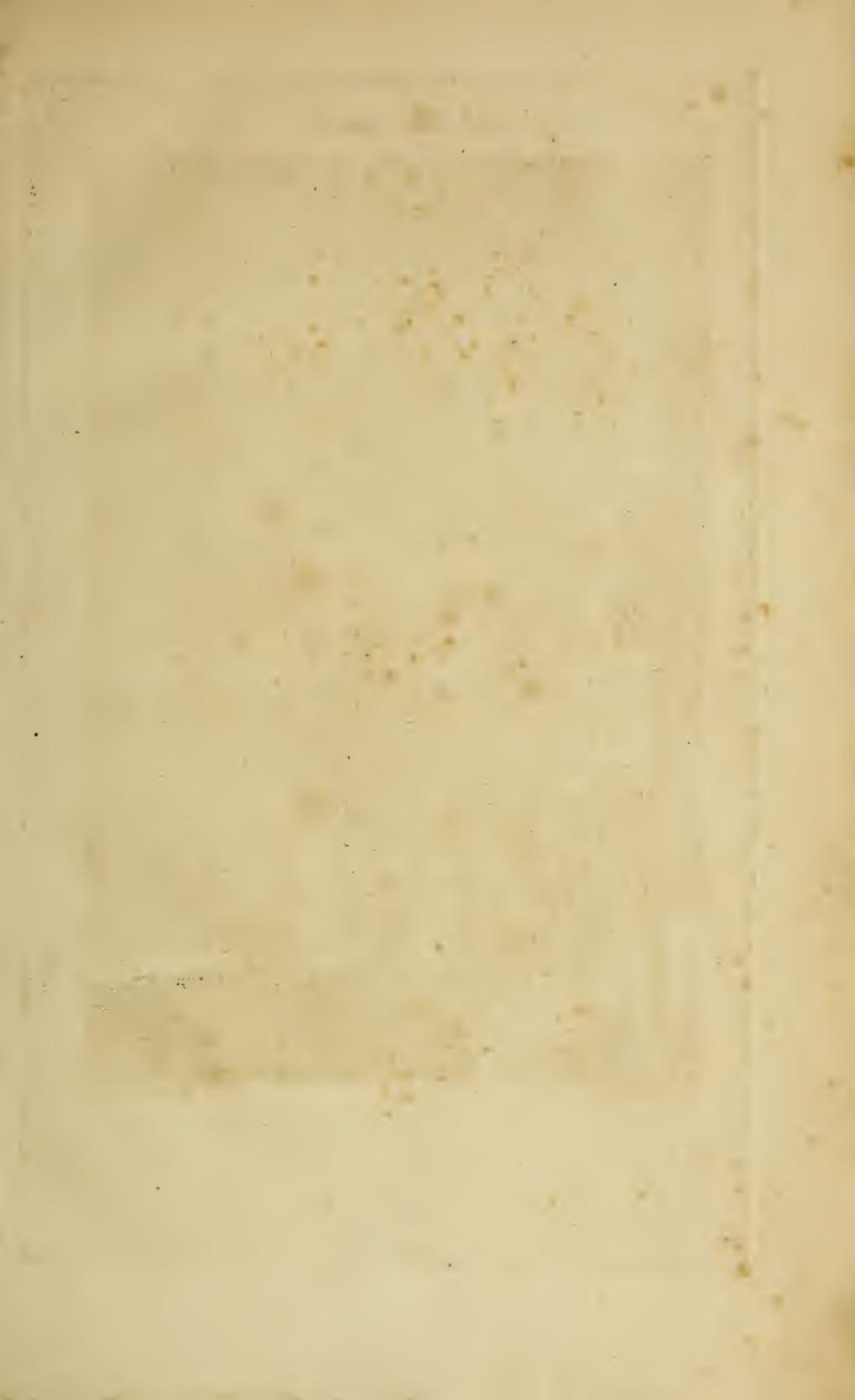
In the Catalogue of the King's Library, Brit.
Mus., the name of Abbott is given as the Editor
Notes & Queries, 2^o S. xl. p. 12.

M A C B E T H.

A

T R A G E D Y.





Act III. Scene V.



Hayman delin.

Ryland sculp.

M A C B E T H.

A T R A G E D Y.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

COLLATED WITH

THE OLD AND MODERN EDITIONS.

(By Charles Jennens.)



L O N D O N,

PRINTED BY W. BOWYER AND J. NICHOLS:

AND SOLD BY W. OWEN, BETWEEN THE
TEMPLE-GATES, FLEET-STREET.

M D C C L X X I I I .

G-4043

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137.409

May, 1873

Dupl. No. 2 in 2596.16.2

M A C B E T H,

A T R A G E D Y.

EDITIONS COLLATED:

The * Folio's, and Modern Editions.

* The 1st folio appears to be the oldest edition of this Play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Duncan, King of Scotland.</i>	{ Appears Act I. Sc. 2, 6, 8.
<i>Malcolm,</i> } Sons to the King,	{ Act I. Sc. 2, 6, 8. Act I. Sc. 5. Act IV. Sc. 4, 5, 6. Act V. Sc. 4, 6, 7.
<i>Donalbain,</i> }	Act I. Sc. 2, 6, 8. Act II. Sc. 5.
<i>Macbeth,</i> } Generals of the	{ Act I. Sc. 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10. Act II. Sc. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Act III. Sc. 1, 2, 3, 5.
<i>Banquo,</i> } King's Army.	Act IV. Sc. 2. Act V. Sc. 3, 5, 6. Act I. Sc. 4, 5, 6, 8. Act II. Sc. 1, 5. Act III. Sc. 1, 4.
<i>Lenox,</i> }	{ Act I. Sc. 2, 6, 8. Act II. Sc. 4, 5. Act III. Sc. 1, 5, 7. Act IV. Sc. 2. Act V. Sc. 2.
<i>Macduff,</i> }	Act I. Sc. 8. Act II. Sc. 4, 5, 6. Act IV. Sc. 4, 5, 6. Act V. Sc. 4, 6, 7.
<i>Rosse,</i> }	Act I. Sc. 2, 5, 6, 8. Act II. Sc. 5, 6.
<i>Menteth,</i> }	Act III. Sc. 1, 5. Act IV. Sc. 3, 6.
<i>Angus,</i> }	Act V. Sc. 7.
<i>Cathness,</i> }	Act V. Sc. 2, 4.
	Act I. Sc. 2, 6, 5, 8. Act V. Sc. 2, 4.
	Act V. Sc. 2, 4.
^b <i>Fleance, Son to Banquo,</i>	{ Act II. Sc. 1. Act III. Sc. 4.
^c <i>Seyward, General of the English Forces,</i>	{ Act V. Sc. 4, 6, 7.
<i>Young Seward, his Son,</i>	{ Act V. Sc. 4, 6.
<i>Seyton, an Officer attending on Macbeth,</i>	{ Act V. Sc. 3, 5.
<i>Son to Macduff,</i>	{ Act IV. Sc. 5.
<i>A wounded Captain,</i>	{ Act I. Sc. II.
<i>A Doctor,</i>	{ Act IV. Sc. 5.
<i>Another Doctor,</i>	{ Act V. Sc. 1, 3.
<i>A Porter,</i>	{ Act II. Sc. 4.
<i>An old Man,</i>	{ Act II. Sc. 6.

^b The fo's sometimes spell this name *Fieans.*

^c T. and all after, except C. Seward.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1st Murtherer,	{ A&t III. Sc. 2, 4, 5.
2d Murtherer,	{ A&t IV. Sc. 3.
3d Murtherer,	{ A&t III. Sc. 2, 4.
Other Murtherers,	{ A&t IV. Sc. 3.
Lady <i>Macbeth</i> ,	{ A&t I. Sc. 7, 8, 10. A&t II. Sc. 3, 5. A&t III. Sc. 1, 3, 5. A&t V. Sc. 1.
Lady <i>Macduff</i> ,	{ A&t IV. Sc. 3.
Gentlewoman, attending on Lady <i>Macbeth</i> ,	{ A&t V. Sc. 1.
<i>Hecate</i> ,	{ A&t III. Sc. 6. A&t IV. Sc. 1, 2.
Three Witches,	{ A&t I. Sc. 1, 3, 4. A&t III. Sc. 6. A&t IV. Sc. 1, 2.
Three other Witches,	{ A&t IV. Sc. 1, 2.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

The Ghost of <i>Banquo</i> ,	{ A&t III. Sc. 5. A&t IV. Sc. 2.
Several other Apparitions,	{ A&t IV. Sc. 2.

S C E N E,

In the End of the fourth A&t, lies in *England*; through the rest of the Play, in *Scotland*, and chiefly at *Macbeth's Castle*.

A

S K E T C H

O F

T H E P L A Y.

A C T I.

Sc. I. **A**N open place. Thunder and lightning. Enter three witches. Their intention to meet *Macbeth*. They rise, and fly away.

Sc. II. The palace at *Fors*. Alarum within. Enter king, *Malc.* *Donalb.* *Len.* with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain, who brings an account of *Macb.*'s having gained the victory over the rebels; but that the *Norwegians* had begun a fresh assault. Exit Captain. Enter *Rosse* and *Ang.* with the news that the Thane of *Cawdor* had assisted the *Norwegians*, but that the victory declared against them. The king passes sentence of death upon the thane of *Cawdor*, and invests *Macb.* with his title.

Sc. III. An heath. Thunder. Enter the three witches. Their mischievous conjurations against a Sailor, whose wife had refused to give one of them some of her chesnuts. They make a charm for *Macb.* and *Banq.*

Sc. IV.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

- Sc. IV. To the Witches enter *Macb.* and *Banq.* The Witches salute *Macb.* as Thane of *Glamis* and *Cawdor*, and as one who shall be king. They foretel that *Banquo's* children shall be kings. The Witches vanish.
- Sc. V. To *Macb.* and *Banq.* enter *Rosse* and *Ang.* who bring the king's thanks to *Macb.* for his exploits, and inform him that he is made Thane of *Cawdor*.
- Sc. VI. The palace. Enter king, *Malcolm*, *Donald*, *Len.* and attendants. *Mal.* informs the king that the traitorous Thane of *Cawdor* is executed. Enter *Macb.* *Banq.* *Rosse* and *Ang.* The king expresses his gratitude to *Macb.* and *Banq.* for their services; declares his eldest son *Malcolm* his heir and prince of *Cumberland*; and invites himself to *Macb.'s* castle at *Inverness*. Exit *Macb.* to make preparations for the reception of the king. Flourish, and exeunt the rest.
- Sc. VII. An apartment in *Macb.'s* castle at *Inverness*. Enter lady *Macb.* alone, reading a letter from *Macb.* which informs her of what passed between him and the Witches. Her reflections thereon. Enter messenger with tidings that the king is coming to be her guest. Exit messenger. Lady *Macb.* in a soliloquy discovers her murtherous intentions against the king; and, *Macb.* entering, persuades him to engage therein. Exeunt.
- Sc. VIII. Before *Macb.'s* castle. Enter king, *Mal.* *Donald*, *Banq.* *Len.* *Macd.* *Rosse*, *Ang.* and attendants. The king and *Banq.* praise the seat for it's pleasantness. Enter lady *Macbeth*. After mutual compliments between the king and her, exeunt.

Sc. IX.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

- Sc. IX. An apartment in the castle. Enter a Sewer and servants, with dishes and service over the stage. Enter *Macb.* His soliloquy on the intended murther. Reflecting on the doubtfulness of success, and the heinousness of the crime, he is staggered in his resolution.
- Sc. X. To him enter lady *Macb.* who by specious arguments confirms him in the horrid design. Exeunt.

A C T II.

- Sc. I. *Macb.*'s castle. Enter *Banq.* and *Fle.* with a torch before him. Talk of the darkness of the night. Enter *Macb.* and a servant with a torch. *Banq.* presents *Macb.* with a diamond for lady *Macb.* from the king. Talk of the Witches, &c. Exeunt *Banq.* and *Fle.*
- Sc. II. Manet *Macb.* Soliloquy on a bloody dagger, which seems to appear to him leading him on to the murther. A bell rings. Exit, as to kill the king.
- Sc. III. Enter lady *Macb.* Her soliloquy while *Macb.* is about the murther. Enter *Macb.* who informs her he has done the deed. Exeunt.
- Sc. IV. Enter a porter. Knocking within. The porter's humorous speech as in the character of a porter of hell-gate. The porter opens. Enter *Macd.* and *Len.* Humorous talk about drink and its effects. Enter *Macb.* *Macd.* enquires of him, if the king be stirring, and tells him that he (*Macd.*) had orders to call the king early. *Macb.* shews *Macd.* the

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

the room where the king lies. Exit *Macd.* as to call the king. After a short space re-enter *Macd.* shocked with the sight of the murthered king. Exeunt *Macb.* and *Len.* to the king's chamber. *Macd.* orders the alarum-bell to be rung, and cries out, Murther and treason !

Sc. V. Bell rings. To *Macd.* enter lady *Macb.* pretending to enquire into the cause of the clamour. Enter *Banq.* whom *Macd.* acquaints with the king's murther. Enter *Macb.* *Len.* and *Roffe.* Soon after enter *Malc.* and *Donalb.* They are informed of their father's murther. It appears from a speech of *Macb.* that he, as judging the king's guards guilty of the murther, had killed them when he went with *Len.* into the king's chamber, in Sc. IV. Lady *Macb.* counterfeiting a swoon, is carried out. Exeunt all but *Malc.* and *Donalb.* They, thinking themselves in danger, are determined to fly ; and agree that *Malc.* shall go to *England*, *Donalb* to *Ireland*. Exeunt, taking leave.

Sc. VI. The outside of *Macb.*'s castle. Enter *Roffe* with an old man, and soon after enter *Macd.* Talk of the omens that preceded the king's murther ; of the king's two sons, *Malc.* and *Donalb.* being fled, which lays them under the suspicion of having suborned the guards to murther their father ; and of the likelihood of *Macb.*'s being invested with the sovereignty. Exeunt.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

A C T III.

- Sc. I. An apartment in the palace. Enter *Banq.* He suspects that *Macb.* has played foully for the crown which he has gained. Trumpets sound. Enter *Macb.* as king, lady *Macbeth*, *Len.* *Roffe*, lords and attendants. *Macb.* invites *Banq.* to a solemn supper to be held at night. *Banq.* promises (after a ride he and *Fle.* are to take for the afternoon) to return to the supper. Exit *Banq.* Exeunt lady *Macb.* and lords, &c.
- Sc. II. Manent *Macb.* and a servant. *Macb.* bids the servant call two men that are waiting without. Exit servant. A soliloquy of *Macb.* He fears *Banq.* on account of his wisdom and valour. Enter two Murtherers, whom *Macb.* employs to murther *Banq.* and *Fleance* as they return from their ride. Exeunt murtherers. Exit *Macb.*
- Sc. III. Another apartment in the palace. Enter lady *Macb.* and a servant, whom she sends to call *Macb.* Enter *Macb.* Talk of their dangerous situation while *Banq.* and *Fle.* live, &c. Exeunt.
- Sc. IV. A park, the castle at a distance. Enter three murtherers, as waiting for *Banq.* and *Fle.* Enter *Banq.* and *Fle.* *Banq.* is murthered, but *Fle.* makes his escape. Exeunt murtherers.
- Sc. V. A room of state in the castle. A banquet prepared. Enter *Macb.* lady *Macb.* *Roffe*, *Len.* lords and attendants. *Macb.* and his lady welcome the guests. Enter 1st murtherer, acquaints *Macb.* with the death

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

death of *Banq.*, and escape of *Fle.* Exit murtherer. The ghost of *Banq.* rises and fits in *Macb.*'s place, which he had left to speak with the murtherer. *Macb.* starts, and falls into a fit of terror, which his lady excuses to the guests as a disorder he is troubled with. The ghost vanishes. *Macb.* drinks to the health of his guests, and of the absent *Banq.* wishing him present. The ghost rises again. *Macb.* falls into another fit of terror. *Exeunt* all but *Macb.* and lady. *Macb.* having stept so far in blood, determines to continue his course. *Exeunt.*

Sc. VI. The heath. Thunder. Enter three witches, meeting *Hecate*. *Hecate* is angry with them, that they did not consult with her in their charms on *Macb.*'s account. She appoints them to meet her in the morning at the pit of *Acheron*, whither she says *Macb.* will come to know his destiny. *Exeunt.*

Sc. VII. A chamber. Enter *Len.* and another lord. *Len.* ironically insinuates that *Macb.* is the author of the late murthers, and is informed by this lord that *Macb.* is gone to *England* to solicit assistance of king *Edward* against the tyrant *Macb.* *Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

Sc. I. A dark cave. In the middle, a great cauldron boiling. Thunder. Enter the three Witches. They march round the cauldron, and throw in the several ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.

Enter

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Enter *Hecate* and three other Witches. Music and a song.

Sc. II. To them enter *Macb.* He conjures them to answer some questions which he shall ask: They conjure up an apparition of an armed head, which bids him beware of *Macduff*. A second apparition of a bloody child tells him that *None of woman born shall harm Macbeth*. A third apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, tells him, he shall never be vanquished till *Birnham* wood shall come to *Dunsinane* hill against him. *Macb.* conjures the Witches farther to tell him, whether *Banq.*'s issue shall ever reign in *Scotland*. As an answer to this question they cause eight kings (supposed *Banq.*'s issue) to appear and pass by in order; and *Banq.* after them, with a glass in his hand, wherein appear many more. Music. The Witches dance, and vanish. Enter *Len.* who tells *Macb.* that *Macd.* is fled to *England*. *Macb.* determines to seize upon the castle of *Macd.* and to murder his wife and family. Exeunt.

Sc. III. *Macd.* castle at *Fife*. Enter lady *Macd.* her son, and *Rosse*. Lady *Macd.* complains of her husband's flying to *England*: *Rosse* endeavours to comfort her. Exit *Rosse*. Talk between lady *Macd.* and her son. Enter Messenger, who being apprehensive of danger to her and hers, advises their flight. Exit Messenger. Soon after enter Murtherers, who kill the son. Exit lady *Macd.* crying Murther! and the Murtherers pursuing her.

Sc. IV. The king of *England*'s palace. Enter *Mal.* and *Macd.* They bewail the kingdom of *Scotland*, as deprived

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

deprived of its lawful king, and opprest by an usurper. *Malc.* suspecting treachery in *Macd.* pretends to relinquish all thoughts of recovering his birth-right, viz. the crown of *Scotland*, and urges his own (feigned) vicious dispositions as the reason: but at length, discovering *Macd.*'s fidelity by his ingenuous behaviour, he acknowledges that he has unjustly accused himself, and accepts the proffered assistance of his friends to set him on the throne.

Sc. V. To them enter a Doctor, who gives them notice that king *Edward* is coming forth from his palace, and that a number of persons afflicted by the *Evil* are waiting for his touch. Exit Doctor.

Sc. VI. Enter *Roffe*, who brings news that *Macd.*'s castle is surprized, and his wife and children slaughtered. *Macd.*'s grief thereon, and determination to be revenged on the tyrant. Exeunt.

A C T V.

Sc. I. An anti-chamber in *Macb.*'s castle. Enter a Doctor of physic and a waiting Gentlewoman. Discourse of lady *Macb.* who walks and talks in her sleep. Enter lady *Macb.* in her sleep with her taper in her hand, discovers her guilty conscience by her talk. Exeunt.

Sc. II. A field with a wood at a distance. Drum and colours. Enter *Ment.* *Cath.* *Ang.* *Len.* and soldiers. From this scene we are informed that an army of the *Englisb* led by *Malc.* *Seyw.* and *Macd.* is moving

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

ing towards *Dunfinane*, where *Macb.* is fortifying himself. Exeunt.

Sc. III. The castle of *Dunfinane*. Enter *Macb.* Doctor and attendants. A Servant informs *Macb.* that an army of ten thousand *English* are approaching. Enter *Seyton*, who confirms the news. Talk between *Macb.* and the Doctor about lady *Macb.*'s illness. Exeunt.

Sc. IV. *Birnam* wood. Drum and colours. Enter *Malc.* *Seyw.* *Macd.* *Seyw.*'s son, *Ment.* *Cath.* *Ang.* and soldiers marching. *Malc.* orders every soldier to hew down a bough and carry it before him to conceal the number of the army as they advance towards *Dunfinane*. Exeunt marching.

Sc. V. The castle of *Dunfinane*. Enter *Macb.* *Seyton*, and soldiers, with drums and colours. A cry within of women; the cause whereof *Macb.* enquiring, is informed lady *Macb.* is dead. Enter a Messenger; who tells *Macb.* that as he looked towards *Birnam*, the wood seemed to move. *Macb.* orders the alarm-bell to be rung. Exeunt.

Sc. VI. Before *Dunfinane*. Drum and colours. Enter *Malc.* *Seyw.* *Macd.* and their army with boughs. *Malc.* bids them throw down their boughs. Alarum. Exeunt. Enter *Macb.* and soon after young *Seyw.* They fight, and the latter is slain. Exit *Macb.* Alarums. Enter *Macd.* seeking *Macb.* to engage with him. Exit. Enter *Malc.* and *Seyw.* *Seyw.* tells *Malc.* that the castle is rendered up, and the battle almost won. Exeunt. Alarum. Enter *Macb.* and, after him, *Macd.* They fight. *Macb.* boasts his security, for that he bears a charmed life which

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

must not yield to one of woman born. *Macd.* bids him, despair his charm, for he (*Macd.*) was *from his mother's womb untimely ript.* On this *Macb.* refuses to fight; but on being provoked by *Macd.* with the name of coward, again engages him, and *exeunt* fighting.

Sc. VII. Retreat and flourish. Enter with drum and colours, *Malc.* *Seyw.* *Rosse*, Thanes and Soldiers. *Seyw.* is informed that his son is dead; but, as he received his wounds on the front, rejoices that he died honourably. Enter *Macd.* with *Macb.*'s head. He and the rest hail *Malc.* king of Scotland. *Malc.* creates the Thanes, Earls; gives thanks to all; and invites them to *Scone*, to see him crowned. Flourish. *Exeunt omnes.*

MACBETH.

M A C B E T H.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

^a An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, ^b and in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath.

3 Witch. ^c There to meet with *Macbeth*.

^a This scene is not described in the rest read or for and.
fo's; R. P. and H. call it, *An open heath*; C. a cross-way.

^b So H. and C. which seems to be the right reading; for the question is not which of the three they should meet in, thunder, lightning, or rain; but when they should meet again for their incantations, these meetings of theirs being supposed to be always accompanied with thunder, lightning, and rain. All the rest read or for and.

^c So all before P; he and all after, except C. *There I go to meet Macbeth*. But this is certainly wrong; for not only the 3d Witch was going to meet *Macbeth*, but all three: So that if, for the sake of the measure, there needed an alteration, *There we go to meet Macbeth*, would have been the proper reading. C. reads, *There to meet with great Macbeth*.

ⁱ Witch. ^d I come, ^e Grimalkin.

^f ^g 2 Witch. Padsche calls — anon.

All: Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Hover through ^g the fog and filthy air.

^h [They rise from the stage, and fly away.]

S C E N E II.

ⁱ The Palace at Foris.

^k Alarum within. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. ^j Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. ^m Doubtful it stood,

^d So all before P; he and all after, put in by T; the fo's have no description; R. and P. only, A Palace; C. A camp near Foris.

^e The fo's and R. Gray-Malkin.

^f All before P. give this speech to R; so does C.

^k So the fo's; all after, except C. omit Alarum within.

^g P. and H. omit the.

^l The 1st f. and J. read bail but once.

^h This direction was first put in by R; the fo's read only, [Exeunt.]

^m So all before P; he and all after, except C. Doubtful long it stood, &c.

ⁱ This description of the Scene is first

put in by T; the fo's have no description; R. and P. only, A Palace; C. A camp near Foris.

As two ^a expert swimmers that do cling together,
 And choak their art. The merciless ^o Macdonald,
 (Worthy to be a rebel; for to that
 The multiplying ^p villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
^q Of Kernes and ^r Gallowglasses, ^s is supply'd;
 And fortune on his damned ^t quarry smiling,
 Shew'd like ^u a rebel's whore: ^w But all 's too weak,
 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish't steel,
 Which smoak'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion carved out his passage,
^x Till he fac'd the slave;
 Which ne'er shook hands nor ^y bad farewell to him,
[']Till he unseam'd him from the ^z nave to th' chops,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements,

^a All the editions read *spent*: But
 'tis probable Shakespeare wrote *expert*,
 cutting off the *e* to make it measure,
 which the editors (not knowing what
 to make of it) changed into *spent*, the
 traces of the letters being near. *Spent*
 can here have no meaning; for the si-
 mile is drawn from two persons swim-
 ming for a trial of their skill, who can
 swim fastest; and as they approach near
 the goal, they are supposed to cling to-
 gether, and strive to hinder each other
 in their progress; an operation incon-
 sistent with their being tired and *spent*,
 but well agreeing with their being *expert*
 in their art.

^o The 1st f. *Macdonvald*; the rest,
Macdonnel.

^p The 2d and 3d fo's, *villaines*.

^q H. *With* for *Of*.

^r The 1st f. *Gallowglasses*.

^s So all before *P*; he and the rest,
 except *C.* was for *is*.

^t H. *W. J.* and *C.* *quarrel* for *quar-*
ry. See *Heath* in loc.

^u H. *the* for *a*.

^w So all before *P*; he and the rest,
 except *C.* *all* for *all's*.

^x So all before *P*; he and all after,
 except *J.* read, 'Till be had *fac'd*, &c.

^y The 4th f. and all after, but *C.*
bid for *bad*.

^z H. and *W.* *nape* for *nave*.

King. O valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Cap. As whence the sun ^a 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders ^b break ;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
^c Discomfort swells. Mark, king of *Scotland*, mark ;
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping ^d *Kernes* to trust their heels ;
But the *Norwegian* lord, surveying 'vantage,
With furbisht arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault,

King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, ^e *Macbeth* and *Banquo* ?

Cap. Yes,
As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report, they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they ^f doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe,
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell —

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.—

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds ;
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons,

^g [Exeunt some with the soldier.]

^a So the copies before P. who reads give for 'gin ; followed by H.

^b J. *Discomforts well'd.* C. *Dis-*

^c *comfort well's.*

^b The 1st f. omits *break* ; the other fo's and R. *breaking* for *break* ; *break* is P.'s emendation, followed by the rest.

^d J. *Kernes.*

^c § the fo's and R. P. *Discomfort swell'd* ; so T. and H. W. *Discomfit*

^e H. and C. *brave Macbeth,*
^f P. and all after, except C. omit

doubly.

^g This direction put in by C

Enter Rosse and Angus.

* Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane of Rosse*.

Len. * What haste looks through his eyes?

* So should he look, that ⁱ seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From *Fife*, great king,

Where the *Norwegian* banners flout the sky,

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with ^k terrible numbers,

Affisted by that most disloyal traytor,

The *Thane of Cawdor*, ^l began a dismal conflict,

'Till that *Bellona*'s bridegroom, lapt in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious ^m, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit. * And to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. ° That now

Sweno, ° the *Norway*'s king, craves composition:

^f P. and all after, read *But before* numbers terrible, affisted, &c. followed by all after.

^g First f. *What a baste*, &c.

^h Upton thinks this line should be given to *Malcolme*.

ⁱ J. proposes, *teems* for *seems*.

^k P. alters this to, *numbers terrible*; which gives occasion to T. to stop in the following manner, *Norway, bimself with*

^l So all before P; he and all after, except C. 'gan.

^m In all editions before T. the comma is placed after *point*.

ⁿ P. and all after, except C. om *And*.

^o P. and all after, omit *That a* the.

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint ^P Colmkil-isle,
Ten thousand dollars, to our general use.

King. No more that *Thane of Cawdor* shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his ^q present death;
And with his former title ^r greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three *Witches*,

¹ *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

² *Witch.* Killing swine.

³ *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

¹ *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me,
quoth I.

*Aroynt thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' *Tiger*:

^P The 1st f. *Colmes ymb*; the other ^q P. and all after, except C. omit
fo's, R, and C. *Colmes-bill*; the rest, *present*.

Colmes-kill-isle, except H. who reads as ^r The three last fo's, *great*.
in the text, and gives the following note: ^s The 3d and 4th fo's, *Aroynt* for
“ *Colmkil* is one of the Western isles of *Aroynt*.

“ *Scotland*, otherwise call'd *Jona*.”

But

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind,

1 Witch. * Thou'rt kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I myself have all the other.

And the " very " points they blow;

All the quarters that they know,

I th' ship-man's card.

* I'll drain him dry as hay,

Sleep shall neither night nor day.

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man y forbidd;

Weary sev'n-nights nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look, what I have.

2 Witch. Shew me, shew me.

1 Witch. Here, I have a pilot's thumb,

Wrackt as homeward he did come.

[Drum within.]

3 Witch. A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come!

^t So the fo's, R. and C; the rest, ^{y i.e.} interdicted. As the Pope's legate told K. John, " He (the Pope)

^{Thou art for Thou'rt.} ^{y i.e. interdicted.}

gate told K. John, " He (the Pope) hath wholly interdicted and cursed

^{u J.} proposes, various for very.

" you, for the wrongs you have done

^w All before P. read ports for points.

" unto the holy church." Fox, Vol. I.

^x So all before P; he and all after, except C. I will for I'll,

p. 285. Upton's Crit. Ob.

All. The ^z weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about,
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again to make up nine.
 Peace; the charm's wound up.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo ^a.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is 't call'd to ^b *Foris*? — What are these,
 So wither'd and so wild in their attire?
 That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
 And yet are on 't? Live you, or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips. — You should be women,

^z So *T. H.* and *C*; the rest, *weyward*.
 " Be aventure Makbeth and Banquo
 were passand to Fores, quhair king Dun-
 cane hapnit to be for the tyme, and met be-
 ye gait thre women clotbit in elrage and
 uncouth weid. They wer jugit be the pe-
 pill to be weird sisteris. The old Scottifh
 chron. fol. c. LXXIIII. From the An-
 glo-Sax. *Wyrð*, *fatum*, comes, weird
 sisteris, *parcæ*. So *Douglas* in his trans-
 lation of *Virgil*, *Aen.* III. *Probibent nam*
cætera parcæ scire. The weird sisteris de-

fendis that suld be wit. And hence comes
wizard. *Upton*, Crit. Obs.

^a R. and all after add, with soldiers
 and other attendants, (except *C.* who di-
 rectly, *Enter Macb. and Banq. journeying*;
 soldiers, and others, *at a distance*). But,
 as it does not appear that there is any
 need of them in the scene, so it is like-
 wise improper there should be any wit-
 nessies to what passed in it.

^b All before *P.* *Sor* is for *Foris*.

And

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speak ; if you can ; what are you ?

1 Witch. All-hail, *Macbeth !* Hail to thee, *Thane of Glamis !*

2 Witch. All-hail, *Macbeth !* Hail to thee, *Thane of Cawdor !*

3 Witch. All-hail, *Macbeth !* that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do found so fair ? — I' th' name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye shew ? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble Having, and of royal hope,
That he seemis ^c rapt withal ; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not ;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail !

2 Witch. Hail !

3 Witch. Hail !

1 Witch. Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none ;

* So, all hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo* !

1 Witch. *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all hail !

Mac. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more ;

^e All before *P*, *wrapt*.

^d *P*, and *H*. omit *Se.*

By ^c Sinel's death, I know I am Thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence, or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way,
 With such prophetic Greeting? — Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
 And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Mac. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal
 Melted, as breath, into the wind.—
 Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
 Or have we eaten ^f of the insane root,
 That takes the Reason prisoner?

Mac. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Mac. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' self-same tune, and words. ^g Who's here?

^c The father of Macbeth. P.

^f The 3 first fo's, on for of.

^g H. reads, but who is here? for who's

bere?

S C E N E V.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
 The news of thy success; and when he reads
 Thy personal ^h venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend,
 Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout *Norweyan* ranks,
 Nothing ⁱ afeard of what thyself didst make
 Strange images of death. ^k As thick as hail,
 Came post on post, and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence;
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
 Only to ^l herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane of Cawdor*;
 In which addition, hail, most worthy *Thane!*
 For it is thine.

^h W. reads 'venture, i. e. adventure; ^k The fo's read, *As thick as tale*
 followed by J. Can post with post, &c.

ⁱ So the 3 first fo's and C; the rest, ^l The 1st f. barold.
 afraid.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true!

Mac. The *Thane of Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dress me in ^m his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With ⁿ those of *Norway*, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and 'vantage; or ^o that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Mac. *Glanis* and *Thane of Cawdor*! [Aside.
The greatest is behind—Thanks for your pains. [To Angus.
Do you not hope your children shall be kings? [To Banquo.
When those that gave the *Thane of Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the *Thane of Cawdor*. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to ^p betray us
In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word, I pray you.

[To Rosse and Angus.

Mac. Two truths are told, [Aside.
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen—

^m The 1st f. and C. omit *bis.*

^o P. and H. omit *that.*

ⁿ So all before P.; he and all after
omit *those of.*

^p The fo's and R.'s octavo, *betray's*
for *betray us.*

This supernatural folliciting
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good—If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I am *Thane of Cawdor*.
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
 Whose horrid image doth ^q unfix my ^r hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present ^s fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings.

My thought, ^t whose murther yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function
 Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
 But what is not.

Ban. Look how our partner's rapt.

Mac. If chance will have me king, why, chance may
 crown me,

Without my stir.

[*Afside.*]

Ban. New honours, come upon him,
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
 But with the aid of use.

Mac. Come what come may.

[*Afside.*]

^u Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

Mac. Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought
 With things ^v forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains

[*To Rosse and Angus.*]

^q W. *upfix* for *unfix*.

safy, &c.

^r The *fo's*, *beire* for *hair*.

^u J. proposes reading, *Time!* on l.—

^s T. and all after, except C. read *feats.* *the hour, &c.*

for fears. This is W.'s emendation. ^w So all before P; he and the rest,

^t H. reads *whose murther's yet but fan-* except C. *forgot* for *forgotten*.

* Are registred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.— Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time, [To Ban.
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Mac. 'Till then enough. Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

Y S C E N E VI.

* *The Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*? *

♦ Are not those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life

* De me autem, quantas debo gratias paternae benignitati vestrae, scriben-

the 4th Scene.

do non sufficio reddere. Sed eas in charta cordis mei scriptas lego assidue. Anselm.

z R. first describes the scene.

Paschali Pontif. ap. Ead. p. 93.

a After *Cawdor* P. adds yet, followed by all but C.

y In the fo's, R, and C, this is made Are.

b The 1st f. T. W. and J. Or for

Became

Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ^c ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

• O worthiest cousin !
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before;
The swiftest wing of recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would, thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! Only I have left to say,
• More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Mac. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties ; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing,
• Safe toward your ^g love and honour.

King. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour

^c W. own'd for ov'd ; but Shake- f So all before H. who reads Shap'd
speare uses them both in the same sense. for Safe; W. Fief'd; T. proposes, Fiefs;

^d H. reads, O my most worthy cousin. Heath, Serves; J. — in doing nothing,

^e H. reads, More is thy due, ev'n more save toward your love, &c.
than all can pay.

^g W. life for love,

To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
 Thou hast no less deserv'd,^b nor must be known
 No less to have done so. Let me enfold thee,
 And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
 The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen,ⁱ *Thanes*,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
 The Prince of *Cumberland*; which honour must,
 Not ^k unaccompanied, invest him only,
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
 On all deservers. ^j From hence to *Inverness*,
 And bind us further to you.

Mac. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
 I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
 The hearing of my wife with your approach;
 So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*!

Mac. The prince of *Cumberland*!—That is a step [*Afise*.
 On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,

^b So all before *R*; he and all after,
 except *C.* and for *nor*. But perhaps there
 was no need of an emendation: for we
 have here only the double negative, which
Shakespeare sometimes makes use of;
 'Thou hast no less deserv'd than *Macbeth*,
 nor must thou no less (*any less*), we should

fay) be known to have deserved.

ⁱ Before *Thanes* *H.* inserts *and*.

^k *W.* reads *accompanied*, an error of
 the press, followed by *J.*

^l *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit
From.

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
 Let ^m not ⁿ light see my black and deep desires ;
 The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.]

King. True, worthy *Banquo* ; ^o he is full so valiant,
 And in his commendations I am fed ;
 It is a banquet to me. ^p Let 's after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
 It is a peerless kinsman. [^q *Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

* *An apartment in Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter ^t *Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.*

Lady. They met me in the day of success ; and I have learn'd by ^u the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. * *Whiles*

^m H. *no* for *not.*

ⁿ W. *Night* for *light.*

^o H. *be is full of* *valour, &c.*

^p P. and all after, *Let us for Let's.*

^q The 3 last fo's, P. H. and C. omit
Flourish.

^r This is the 5th Scene, in the fo's,
R. and C.

^s There is no description of the scene

in the fo's ; R. first gives the above, except the words, *at Inverness*, which are added by P.

^t The fo's, *Macbeth's wife.*

^u W. *the perfected report*, i. e. the prediction fulfilled.

^v P. and all after, except C. *whiles* for *whiles.*

*I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king,
who ^x all-hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before,
these weird sisters saluted me, and reserr'd me to the
coming on of time, with Hail king that shall be! This have
I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness,
that thou might'st not ^y lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant
of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart,
and farewell.*

*Glamis thou art, and Cawdor—and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet ^z do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindnes,
To catch the neareft way. Thou wouldest be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldest highly,
That wouldest thou holily; wouldest not play false,
And yet wouldest wrongly win; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou have ^a it;
^b And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wisthest should be undone. ^c Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that ^d impedes thee from the golden round,*

^x The 3 last fo's and R. all bail'd for all-bail'd.

That wchick, if thou wouldest have is, cries "Thus thou must do."

^y The two 1st fo's, *lose* for *lose*.

^b C. And that's what rather, &c.

^z P. and H. omit *do*; the last f. and R. *I do* for *do I.*

^c The three 1st fo's, *Higb* for *Hie.*

^a J. says it is necessary to read *me* for *impedes thee*, for *it*. Not at all necessary, Dr. J.

^d The 3 last fo's and R. *thee binders*

Which fate and ^c metaphysical aid doth ^f seem
To have ^g thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou 'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our *Than^e* is coming;
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
^a Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending;
He brings great news. The raven ⁱ himself is hoarse,

[*Exit Messenger.*]

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my battlements. Come, ^k you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of ^l direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctionous visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep ^m peace between
Th' ⁿ effect, and ^o it. Come to my woman's breasts,

^c H. *metaphysic.*

^k P. and all after, insert *all before*

^f J. proposes, *seek for seem*. See *Heath* *you.*

in loc:

^l W. and J. *direct* for *direft*.

^g W. *crown'd thee for thee crown'd.*

^m J. proposes, *pace* for *peace.*

^h The three 1st fo's, *Then.*

ⁿ The 2d f. *effect.*

ⁱ W. *himself's not boarfe*, &c. See *Heath.*

^o The 1st and 2d fo's, *bit* for *it.*

And take my milk for gall, you murh'ring ministers,
 Where-ever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night !
 And pall thee in the dunnett smoak of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, Hold, hold !

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis* ! worthy *Cawdor* ! ^P [Embracing him.]
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present ^q, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Mac. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence ?

Mac. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O never
 Shall sun that morrow see,
 Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters ^s. To beguile the time,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under 't. He, that's coming,
 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 This night's great busines into my dispatch,

^P This direction first given by *R.*

^r *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit

^q After *present P.*, and all after add *My.*
time.

^s The period is placed at the end of
 this line, in the *fo's*, *R.*, and *P.*

Which

Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Mac. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear :
To alter favour ever is to fear :
Leave all the rest to me.

{ *Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Before Macbeth's Castle-Gate.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain,
Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle ^t sensess.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting ^w martlet, does approve
By his lov'd ^x mansionry that ^y the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No ^z jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of 'vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle ;

^r This is Scene VI. in the fo's, R. and P.'s quarto, *mansionry* ; P.'s duodecimo and H. *masonry*.
and C.

^s The scene not described in the fo's. ^y P. and all after, except C. omit
^t W. general *sense*. ^{the.}

^u C. *sense*. ^z P. and all after, except J. *jutting*.

^w The fo's, *bartlet*.

Where they ^a must breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Euter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, see ! our honour'd hostess !
The love that follows us, ^b sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you ^c shall bid God-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single busines to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your ^d hermits.

King. Where 's the *Thane of Cawdor* ?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand,

^a So the fo's; the rest, *moſt* for *myſt*.

^c So the fo's, *R.*'s octavo, *H.* and *C.*

^b The fo's, *R.* and *C.* *sometime is our*, the rest, *ſhould* for *ſhall*.

^{Ec.} *P. sometime's our*, &c.

^d The 1ſt f. *Erinites*.

Conduct me to mine host, we love him highly ;
 And shall continue our graces towards him.
 By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

An Apartment in Macbeth's Castle.

Hautboys. Torches. Enter a ^g *Sewer*, and divers *Servants* with *dishes* and *service* over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Mac. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly ; if th' assasination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With ^h his surcease, success ; that but this blow

^e In the fo's, R. and C. Scene VII.

^f No description of the scene in the fo's.

^g None but the fo's and C. mention *a sewer.*

^h So all before P ; he and all after, except C. read *its* for *bis* ; whereby the passage is obscured, and J. has been led to propose an emendation, viz. *With its success, surcease, &c.* i. e. with success in the assassination, a surcease of farther fear and anxiety. This I suppose is J.'s meaning. But had the modern editors retained the old reading *bis*, they would have met with no difficulty herein : for *bis* refers to *Duncan* ; and the meaning is this, If the assassination of *Duncan*

would secure me the consequence I aim

at, viz. the quiet possession of his crown, and procure me with his *surcease*, or death, success to my ambitious designs ; that but this one blow might be all I had to do, and that nothing was to be feared *here*, in this life, afterwards ; we'd jump the life to come ; I would skip over those thoughts that regard a state beyond the grave, I would venture the future judgment. But in these cases of murther, we still have judgment *bere*. And this is agreeable to the common opinion, that murder will out, some time or other, and receive its punishment in this world.

Might

Might be the Be-all and the ⁱ End-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and ^k school of time,
 We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
^l To plague th' inventor; ^m this even-handed justice
ⁿ Commends ^o th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this *Duncan*
 Hath borne ^p his ^q faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, ^r against
 The deep damnation of his taking off;
 And Pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
 Upon the sightless ^s couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the fides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on th' other.—

ⁱ R. *End of all, &c.*

^o The fo's, R. and C. th' ingre-
dience.

^k T. H. J. and C. *school*; W. *believe*.

^p The three last fo's, this for his.

^l The three last fo's and R. omit this
line.

^q The two last fo's, R. and P. fa-
culty.

^m P. T. H. and W. omit this.

^r J. again.

ⁿ So the 1st f. J. and C; the other
fo's and R. *To plague for Commends*; P.
and the rest, *Returns for Commends*.

^s The fo's, *courriers*; T. H. and W.
courfers.

SCENE X.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady. * He has almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this busines.

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ^u sorts of people,
Which ^w would be worn now in their newest glos,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou ^x afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that,
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
^y And live a coward in thine own esteem,

* So the fo's, R. and C; R. *He bath*; what need of this alteration? the sense
the rest, *He's for He has.*

is plain enough; Wouldst thou (dost

^u T. W. and J. sort,

thou desire to) have that, which thou

^w H. *should* for *would.*

esteem'st the ornament of life, and (yet,

^x So the three 1st fo's and C; the
rest, *afraid.*

or at the same time) live a coward in

^y J. would read *So* for *And.* But

thine own esteem, (by) letting *I dare*

not wait upon I would, &c.

Letting

Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would,*
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

Mac. Pr'ythee peace!

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares ^z do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was 't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then ^a adhere, and yet you would make both;
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I ^b but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Mac. If we should fail?

Lady. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall ^c his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep

^z The fo's, no for do.

^b The 1st f. omits but.

^a So all before P; he and all after,
except C. co-bere for adber.

^c P. and H. this for bis.

Their

Their drenched natures^d lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? what not put upon
His spungy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Mac. Bring forth men-children only:
For thy undaunted^e metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber; and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Mac. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a The first.

^c The three first fo's and *C. Meale*.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

^f Macbeth's *Castle*.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a Torch before him.

Ban. HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven, Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.
Give me my sword. Who's there?

Mac. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed.

^f The scene not described in the fo's; all the rest till *J.* call it a *ball*. C. Court within the *Castle*.

He hath ^g been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent ^h forth ⁱ great largess to your officers.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, ^k and 's ^l shut up
In measureless content.

Mac. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. ^m All 's well.

I dreamt last night of the three ⁿ weird sisters;
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Mac. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
^o We would spend ^p it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your ^q kind'ſt leisure.

Mac. ^r If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,

^g Here P. inserts *to-night*, followed by all after.

^h P. and all after omit *forth*.

ⁱ The three last fo's and R. insert *a* before *great*.

^k So H. and C; the rest, *and for and's.*

^l The three last fo's and R. *shut it up*, &c.

^m H. and C. *All's very well.*

ⁿ See Act I. Sc. 3. Note ^z.

^o P. and all after, except C. omit *We.*

^p R. omits *it in.*

^q So the two 1ſt fo's and C; the rest, *kind for kind'ſt.*

^r That is, if you shall cleave to that party which consents to my advancement, when ever the opportunity may offer. *Heath.*

But I should rather think something is lost here, of the following purport:

Ban. At your kind'ſt leisure.—

“ Those lookers into fate, that hail'd you, *Cawdor!*”

Did also hail you, king! and I do trust, Most worthy *thane*, you would *confent* to accept

What your deserts would grace, when offer'd you.”

Mac. If you shall cleave, &c.

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Mac. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you.

[*Exeunt Ban. and Fle.*

S C E N E II.

Mac. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to fight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee as yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.—
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;

^s All before *T.* omit *and Fleance.*

And

^t And on thy blade and dudgeon, ^u gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.—
It is the bloody busines, which informs
^w Thus to mine eyes.—^x Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; ^y now witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate's* offerings: and ^z wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquin's* ravishing ^a strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou ^b found and firm-fet earth,
Hear not my steps, ^c which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate ^d of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—^e Whiles I threat, he lives—
^f Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

^t Certainly, if on the blade, then on
the dudgeon; for dudgeon signifies a small
dagger. We should read therefore, And
on the blade of th' dudgeon, &c. W.

A dudgeon signifies a haft as well as
as a dagger. See *Lye's Etymologicon.*
Heath.

^u Gouttes, drops, Fr. P.

^w R. P. and H. This for *Thus.*

^x So all before P.; he and all after,
except C., Now o'er one half the world,
&c.

^y All before R. omit now.

^z A lady proposes, with her for wi-
ther'd.

^a All before P. read fides for frides.
J. proposes, *Wi b Tarquin ravish-*
ing, slides towards, &c. Vide *Heath* in
loc.

^b This is P.'s emendation. The fo's
and R. read sour, sour, sour. C.
sure.

^c All before R. read, which they may
walk, &c.

^d H. of that we're about, &c.

^e So the fo's; C. while; the rest,
whilſt for whiles.

^f This line is omitted by P. and H.
in the text, but preserved in the mar-
gin.

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me ; [A bell rings.
 Hear it not, *Duncan* ; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Lady & Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold ;
 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. Hark !
 peace !
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night — He is about it —
 The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd their
 possets,
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Who 's there ? what ho ? —

Lady. Alack ! I am afraid, they have awak'd ;
 And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed,
 Confounds us — hark ! — I laid their daggers ready,
 He could not miss 'em. — Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done 't — My husband ?

^f This is Sc. II. in the fo's and
C.

^g The fo's, R. P. T. and W. omis.
Macbeth.

Mac.

Mac. I have done the deed—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Mac. When?

Lady. Now.

Mac. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Mac. Hark!—who lies i' th' second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Mac. This is a forry fight. [Looks on his hands.]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a forry fight.

Mac. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd murther!

^h That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and ⁱ address them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Mac. One cry'd, God bless us, and, Amen, the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands;
Listning their fear, I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought ^k
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

^h P. and all after, except C. alter this *bear'd them.*
line as follows, ⁱ T. W. and J. address for address.
They wak'd each other; and I stood and ^k H. and C. add *on* after *thoughts.*

Mac. Methought I heard a voice cry, “ Sleep no more;
Macbeth does murther sleep; the innocent sleep;
¹ Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd ^m sleeve of care,
ⁿ The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.—”

Lady. What do you mean?

Mac. Still it cry'd, “ Sleep no more, to all the house;
Glamis hath murther'd sleep: And therefore *Cawdor*
 Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more!”

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? Why, worthy *Thane*,
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
 They must lie there: Go carry them, and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

Mac. I'll go no more.

I am afraid to think what I have done;
 Look on 't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
 Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,

¹ *P.* and *H.* omit this line in their text.

^m All the copies spell this word *sleeve*. *Sleeve* signifies the ravell'd knotty gouty parts of the silk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver. So that sleep is said, by a very expressive metaphor, to knit up and re-

duce to order all that confusion and vexation in which our cares and solicitudes had involved our waking thoughts.

Heath.

ⁿ *W.* reads, *The birth of each day's life, &c.* Perhaps *Shakespeare* wrote, *The death of each day's grief, &c.*

That fears a painted devil. If he ^o do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit.]

Knock within.

Mac. Whence is that knocking ?
How is 't with me, ^p when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ! hah ! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune's* ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? no, this my hand will rather
^q The multitudinous sea ^r incarnadine,
^s Making the green one red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white ; I hear a knocking [Knock.
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber ;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended — Hark, more knocking ! [Knock.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Mac. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.[^u Knock.]Wake, *Duncan*, with ^w thy knocking. ^xI would thou could'st![*Exeunt.*]^o P. and H. omit *do.*^s P. and H. *Make the green ocean*P ἡλύ μα ψεζεὶ τὸ προσίπτον. *Aeschyl.* *red.*

ed. Stanl. p. 18.

^t H. reads, *T'unknow, &c.*^q P. and H. omit this line in their text.^u All but fo's, R. and C. omit this direction here.^r All but R. T. and C. *incarnar-*
dine,^w So the fo's; the rest, *this for thy.*^x P. and all after, omit *I.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking within.]

z Porter. Here's a knocking indeed; if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knock.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of *Belzebub*? here's a farmer that hang'd himself ^a on th' expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for 't. [Knock.] Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an ^b equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: Oh, come in, equivocator. [Knock.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's an ^c English taylor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, taylor, here you may roast your goose. [Knock.] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell.

y This is called the 3d scene in the fo's and *C.*

z This comic part is omitted in the text of *P.* and *H.* but inserted in the margin.

^a *P.* and *H.* *in* for *on*.

^b Meaning a Jesuit; an order so troublesome to the state in Queen Elizabeth

and King James the First's times. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of equivocation. *W.*

^c The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and straight, a taylor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence. *W.*

I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [Knock.] Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?

Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Porter. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand ^a to, and not stand ^a to; in conclusion, equivocates him ^c in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took ^f up my legs sometime, yet I made ^a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

^a The 1st f. 100.

^f W. and J. omit up.

^c R. and all after, except C. into for in.

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service.

[*Exit Macduff.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. ^g He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange streams of death,
^h And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire ⁱ combustion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woeful time: the obscure bird
Claimour'd the live-long night. Some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

^g P. and all after, except G. omit *He* Matrons, old women.
does.

ⁱ So the 1st f. T. W. and J; the
^h W. proposes, for *And*, *Aunts*, i.e. rest, combustions.

Enter

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror !

* Tongue nor heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.—

Macb. and Lenox. What 's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece ;

Most sacrilegious murther hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is 't you say ? the life ?—

Len. Mean you his Majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new *Gorgon*. Do not bid me speak ;

See, and then speak yourselves. Awake ! awake !

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*

Ring the alarum-bell—murther ! and treason !

Banquo, and Donalbain, Malcolm, awake !

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself—Up, up, and see

The great doom's image—*Malcolm ! Banquo !*

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,

To countenance this horror.—^m Ring the bell.

^k P, and H. Or tongue or heart, &c.

^l H. reads Donalbain for Banquo.

T. W. and J. Nor tongue nor heart,

^m T. and all after omit Ring the bell.

&c.

S C E N E . V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the busines,
That such a hideous trūmpet calls to párley
The sleepers of the house? ^o Speak, speak.

Macd. ^p O'gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can spéak:
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!
What in our houſe? —

Ban. Too cruel, any whère.
^q Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, ^r contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, ^s and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant,

ⁿ The fo's omit *Macbeth*.

^o P. and all after, except C. read
speak but once.

^P P. and all after, except C. omit
O.

^q So all before P; he and all after,

except C. *Macduff* for *Dear Duff*.

^r The three last fo's, *contradict* for *con-*

^s C. omits *and Rosse*.

There

There's nothing serious in mortality;
 All is but toys; renown, and grace,^t is dead;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't;
 Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
 So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
 Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distract'd;
^u As no man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet do I repent me of my fury,
 That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, and furious,
 Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man.
 The expedition of my violent love
 Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
 His silver skin lac'd with his ^w golden blood,
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature.
 For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murtherers
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

^t H. are for is.

dation seems necessary.

^u As is here added by M. and C. which ^w P, and H. read goary for golden.
 is in no other edition; but this emen-

* Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make 's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! — [y Seeming to faint.

Macd. Look to the lady ^z.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid ^a within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let 's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
^b Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. ^c Look to the lady. [^d *Lady Macbeth is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

^x W. reads, *Unmanly reech'd*, &c.
^y C. proposes, *Unmanly drench'd*, &c.
Heath, *In a manner ly drench'd*, &c.
But I would defend the old reading, by
this interpretation, *their naked daggers*
were covered with gore: This might be
Shakespeare's first thought; but, his po-
etic genius not suffering him to deliver
it in plain prose, *Nakedness* suggested to
him the word *unmannerly*, and *covered*,

the word *breeches*, the covering of na-
kedness; and so by a bold figure, he
turns the daggers into men.

^y This direction put in by R.

^z Here C. directs, [*gather about her*.

^a First f. *in* for *within*.

^b P. and all after, except C. *on* for
upon.

^c H. *Look there to*, &c.

^d This direction put in by R.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So, all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' th' hall together.

All. Well contented. [Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them,
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to *England*.

Don. To *Ireland* I: our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murtherous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to ^f horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.

^c P. and all after, except G, omit *And.* ^f The three last fo's, *bouse* for *horse*.

S C E N E VI.

^b *The Outside of Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter Rosse with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well ;
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange : but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. ⁱ Ha, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
^k Threaten ^l his bloody stage. By th' clock, 'tis day ;
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ^m should kiss it ?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On *Tuesday* last,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncan's* horses (a thing most strange and
certain !)

^g This is called the fourth scene in
the fo's and *C*; and the 2d in *R.*

^h *T.* first describes the scene.

ⁱ So the fo's; the rest, *Ah* for *Ha.*

^k The fo's, *Tkreatens.*

^l So all before *T.* who reads *this* for
bis; followed by *W.* and *J.*

^m The 2d f. *shall* for *should.*

Beauteous and swift, the minions of ^a their race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, ^b flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
 Make war with ^P mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so, to th' amazement of mine eyes,
 That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good *Macduff*.

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is 't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They ^q were suborn'd;

Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two sons,
 Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
 Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;—

Thriftless ambition! that will ^r raven ^s upon
 Thine own ^t life's means.—^u Then 'tis most like,
 The sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
 To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?

^a T. reads *the* for *their*, with great probability.

^b The two first fo's, *flang* for *flung*.

^P P. and all after, *man* for *mankind*.

^q T.'s octavo, *are* for *were*.

^r T. and all after, *ravin* for *raven*.

^s The first f. T. and all after him,

^{up} for *upon*.

^t Fo's and R. *lives*.

^u H. *Why then it is most like, &c.*

Macd.

Macd. Carried to ^w *Colmkil*,
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
 And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there
 (adieu!)

Left our old robes fit easier than our new.

Rosse. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's benison go with you ^x, and with those
 That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

^w R. P. T. and W. *Colmes-kill*; J.

^x After you the three last fo's, R. and
Colmes-kill.
 C. read Six.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

^y An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. **T**HOU hast it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
^z As the ^a weird ^b women promis'd; and I fear
 Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said,
 It should not stand in thy posterity;
 But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
 (As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine)
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

^y Not described in the fo's; R. P. ^a See note ^z upon Act I. Sc. III.
 and H. A royal apartment. ^b The two last fo's, *woman* for *wi-*

^z P. and all after, except G. omit *men*.

Act

E

Trumpets

Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, ^aLady Macbeth, Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And ^c all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. ^f Lay your ^g Highnes's
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd

^a The fo's, Senit sounded, &c.

Lenox, &c. where Lady stands for *Lady*

^d The fo's, *Lady* Lenox, &c. But *Macbeth*.

this seems only an omission of a comma; it should have been printed, *Lady*,

^e The first f. *all-ting* for *all things*.

^f The fo's, *Let* for *Lay*.

^g R. *Highnes's*.

In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
 Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
 With strange invention; but of that to-morrow,
 When therewithal we shall have cause of state,
 Craving us jointly. Hie ^h you to horse. Adieu,
 'Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time does call ⁱ upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
 And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.—

[*Exit Banquo.*

Let every man be master of his time
 'Till seven at night; to make society
 The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
 'Till supper-time alone; ^k while then, God be with you.

[^l *Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.*

S C E N E II.

Manent Macbeth and a Servant.

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
 Our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my Lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Serv.*] To be thus
 is nothing;

^h P. and all after omit *you*.

^k So all before P; he and all after,

ⁱ So all before P; he and all after, except C. till for *while*.

^{open us for upon's.}

^l The so's, *Exeunt Lords* only.

But to be safely thus—Our fears in *Banquo*
 Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
 Reigns that, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
 And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none but he,
 Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
 My genius is rebuk'd; ^m as, it is said,
ⁿ *Mark Anthony's* was by ^o *Cæsar*. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of King upon me,
 And bad them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. ^p If 't be so,
^q For *Banquo's* issue have I 'fil'd my mind;
 For them the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them Kings, the ^r seed of *Banquo* Kings.

^m J. proposes rejecting the following words, *as, it is said, Mark Anthony's was by Cæsar.*

ⁿ P. and all after, except C. omit *Mark.*

^o H. *Cæsar's.*

^p P. and all after, except C. *If 'tis so, &c.*

^q P. makes the following sentences interrogative, as far as—*Banquo kings?*
 But the words *If 't be so* prove them to be affirmative.

^r The two last fo's, *fill'd* for *sift'd*;
 W. *'filled*, i. e. *defiled*.

^s The fo's and R. *Seeds.*

Rather than so, ' come Fate into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance !—Who 's there ?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

* Now go to the door, and stay there, 'till we call.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

Murth. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now

* Have you consider'd of my speeches ? know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self ; this I made good to you
In our last conference, past in probation with you,
How you were born in hand ; how crost ; the instruments ;
Who wrought with them ; and all things else that might
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

- i *Mur.* * You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so ; and went further, which is now

^t This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi à l'outrance.* A challenge, or combat à l'outrance, to extremity, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum*, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a

prize. The sense therefore is, *Let fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* J. u P. and all after, except C. omit *Now.*

w The two last fo's, R. P. T. H. W. and J. *You have*, for *Have you.*

x This speech P. alters thus, *True, you made it known*; followed by all after, except C.

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go? are you so gospell'd,
 To pray for this good man and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
 And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
 As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
 Showghes, water rugs, and demy-wolves are y cleped
 All by the name of dogs; the valued file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The house-keeper, the hunter; every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' th' worst rank of manhood, say 't;
 And I will put ^a that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off;
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, ^b my Liege,
 Whom the vyle blows and buffets of the world

y All before T. clipt for cleped.

a The two last fo's, R. P. and H.

z So the fo's; all after, And not in the for that.

the worst rank of manhood, say it, &c.

b P. and all after, except C, omit my
Liege,

^c Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spight the world.

1 Mur. And I another,
So weary with ^d disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his fall,
^e Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the busines from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. ^f Within this
hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,

^c Fo's, Hath for Have.

^f P. and all after, except C. In or

^d W. disastrous tuggs with, &c.

Within.

^e Fo's, R. and C. Who.

And something from the palace: (g always thought,
 That I require a clearnes) and with him,
 (To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no les material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
 I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, ^h my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.

[*Exeunt Murtherers.*

It is concluded.—*Banquo*, thy foul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

^k *Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
 For a few words.

g *Macbeth* means that the murtherers must in every step remember, he requires not to be suspected of the fact; to stand clear from all imputations, which might affect him in the opinions of the people.

P. omits thi parenthesis.

h *H.* omits, *my Lord.*

i This is scene 2d, in the fo's and C.

k No description of the scene before T. who gives the above.

Serv.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
Tis ^m safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone,
Of sorryest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should, indeed, have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's done, is done.

Macb. We have ⁿ scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
• But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our ^p place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.—*Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on;

ⁿ H. better for safer.

But let both worlds disjoint, and all things

^m All before T. scorch'd for scotch'd. suffer, &c.

^p P. and all after, except C. read, ^P The first f. peace for place.

Gentle my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
Be bright and jovial ^q among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you;
Let your remembrance ^r still apply to *Banquo*.
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these ^s flattering streams, and make our faces
^t Wizards to our hearts, disquising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife ;
Thou know'st that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*, ^u lives.

Lady. But in them nature's copy 's not ^w eterne.

Macb. There 's comfort yet, they are assailable ;
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight; ere to black *Hecate*'s summons
The ^x shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What 's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
^rTill thou applaud the deed. Come, ^y feeling night,

^q So the first f. and C; the rest, ^rmong for among.

^s The first f. and C. omit fill.

^t R. and all after, except C. add so after these.

^v T. and all after, except H. and C.
vixors.

^w H. live for lives.

^u P. and all after, except C. eternal
for eterne.

^x Shards are properly rubbish. Cot-
grave. Heatb.

^y R. and P. sealing. Seeing is blind-
ing; a term in falconry, when they run
a thread through the eyelids of a hawk
first taken, so that she may see very lit-
tle, or not at all, to make her the better
endure the hood. This they call *feeling*
a hawk. T.

Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
 Which keeps me pale. ² Light thickens, and the crow
 Makes wing to th' rocky wood :
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
 Whiles night's black agents to their ³ prey do rowze.
 Thou marvell'st at my words ; but hold thee still ;
 Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
 So, pr'ythee go with me,

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

^c A Park, the Castle at a distance.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us ?

3 Mur. Macbeth.

2 Mur. He needs not ^d our mistrust, since he delivers
 Our offices, and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.² W. proposes Night for Light.

it evidently refers to the 3d murtherer,

³ The fo's, R. and C. preys for prey.

whose account of the directions Macb.

^b This is scene 3d in the fo's and C ;
 in R. scene 2d.had given regarding the murther, agreed
 with those of the other two, and took^c The scene not described in the fo's.

off all reason for their distrust. This was

^d P. to for our ; whereby he supposes

taken notice of by T.

He, in this speech, to refer to Macb. but

1 Mur.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
 Now spurs the ^e lated traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn ; ^f and near approaches
 The subje^ct of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.
Banquo within. Give ^g us ^h a light there, ho !

2 *Mur.* ⁱ Then 'tis he ; the rest
 That are within the note of expectation,
 Already are i' th' court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
 3 *Mur.* Almost a mile ; but he does usually,
 So all men do, from hence to th' Palace gate
 Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance with a Torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [<sup>k
Ban. O, treachery ! Fly ^l good Fleance, fly, fly, fly,
 Thou may'st revenge.—O slave. [^k</sup>

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light ?

1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way ?

^e The three last fo's and R. *lated*
 for *lated*.

^f First f. end for and.

^g H. omits us.

^h P. and all after, except C. omit a.

ⁱ C. omits *Then*.

^k No direction in fo's.

^l P. and all after, except C. omit

good.

3 Mur. There's but one down; the son
Is fled.

2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exquit.*]

S C E N E V.

A Room of State in the Castle.

A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse,
Lenox, Lords and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host;
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

[° They su.

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

m This in the fo's and C. is scene n P. H. and C. And for A; J. pre-
4; in R. scene 3. The scene not de- poses To.
scribed in fo's. o No direction in fo's.

Both

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' th' midst.
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

[^P To the Murtherer aside, at the door.]

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than ^q he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut; ^r that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best ^s o' th' cut-throats; yet he's good,

That did the like for *Fleance*; if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To fawcy doubts and fears.—But *Banquo*'s safe?

Mur. Ay, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that;

There the grown serpent lies; the worin that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll ^t hear ourselves again.

[Exit Murtherer.]

^P No direction in fo's.

^q H. and G. biu for be.

^r P. and H. I did ibat for him.

^s P. and all after, except C. of cut-throats, &c.

^t H. and G. bear thee, &c. T. W. and J. bear't, &c.

Lady.

Lady. My royal Lord,
 You do not give the cheer; the feast is ^w sold,
 That is not often vouch'd (while 'tis ^w a making)
 'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
 From thence, the fawce to meat is ceremony;
 Meeting were bare without it.

[^x *The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macb. Sweet remembrancer! —
 Now good digestion wait on appetite
 And health on both!

Len. May 't please your Highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
 Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present,
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
 Than pity for mischance.

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your Highness
 To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full. [^z *Starting.*

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good Lord. What is 't that moves your
 Highnes?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

^w *P.*, and *H.* cold for sold.

^y All before *P.* read *who*; he and ^{all}

^w All but the first *f.* and *C.* omit after, but *C.* *ukom*; but *who* is frequently used as an accusative by *Shakspeare.*

^x The fo's, *Enter the ghost of Ban-* *speare.*

quo, and sits, &c.

^z No direction in the fo's.

Macb.

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends. My Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
The fit is ^a momentary, ^b upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[^c To Macbeth aside.]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that,
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. ^d O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flaws and starts,
^e Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there!

Behold! look! lo! how say you? [^f Pointing at the Ghost.
Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses and our graves must send

^a The three last fo's, *momentary*.

^c J. proposes, *Impostures true to fear*.

^b P. and all after, except C. on for

^e &c. C. reads, *Impostures of true fear*,

^b upon.

^{&c.}

^c No direction in the fo's.

^f This direction not in fo's.

^d P. and H. omit O.

Those,

Those, that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [* *The Ghost vanishes.*]

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, * i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the ^b gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murthers ^c have been perform'd
Too terrible for ^d the ear; the times ^e have been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools; this is more strange
Than such a murther is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I ^f do forget—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. * Come, love and health to all!
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full—^h
I drink to th' general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miss;

* No direction in the first f; the for the ear.

other fo's, [Exit ghost.

e First f. has for leave.

^a R.'s octavo, i' th' old time, &c.

f P. and H. forgot for do forget.

^b T. W. and C. gen'ral for gentle.

g P. and H. omit Come.

^c J. bath for have.

h The fo's and R. make the Ghost

^d P. and all after, except C. th' ear rise again here.

Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
¹ And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

[^k *The ghost rises again.*

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight ! ¹ Let the earth hide
 thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
^m Thou haft no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
 But as a thing of custom ; 'tis no other ;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* bear,
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or ⁿ th' *Hyrcan* tyger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble : ^o or be alive again,
 And dare me to the desart with thy sword ;
^p If trembling I in habit then, ^q protest me

ⁱ i. e. all good wishes to all: such as he had named above, *love, health and joy.* W.

^k Fo's, *Enter Ghost.*

⁻¹ οὐδὲ κατθωνία γένοντισθε. Io de Argi Spectro, Æsch. ed. Stanl. p. 62:
^m δὲ τογέθεις δίπον δημητρίου ἔχειν. ibid.
^v proceed.

ⁿ For th' *Hyrcan*, P. T. W. H. and C. read *Hyrcanian*; J. *Hyrcan*.

^o R. reads O for or; P. and H. omit
 or.

^p The first f. reads and points, *If trembling I inhabit then, protest me, &c.* the other fo's, R. and J. *If trembling I inhabit, then protest me, &c.* P. and the rest, *If trembling I inhibit, then protest me, &c.* J. proposes, *evade it, for inhabit.* I would read and point as in the text above; or as follows: *If trembling I, in habit then protest me the baby of a girl, &c.*

^q The 4th f. *protest* for *protest.*

The baby of a girl. Hence, ' horrible shadow !

Unreal mock'ry, hence ! [^s *The Ghof vanishes.*] Why, so—
being gone,

I am a man again. Pray you sit still. [^u *The Lords rise.*

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting

With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. ^w Can such things be,
And ^x overcome us, like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I ^y owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your ^z cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What ^a fights, my Lord ?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night.

^r *T.*'s duodecimo, *W.* and *J.* terrible
for horrible.

^s In the three last fo's, [*Exit.*] The
first f. has no direction.

^t The two last fo's, *R.* *P.* and *H.*
read be for being.

^u This direction not in the fo's.

Qu. Whether it would not be most pro-
per for the Lords to rise immediately
upon *Macbeth's* breaking out, *Avaunt,*
and quit my sight, &c. and that upon
perceiving them standing, after he had
recovered from his fright, it is, that he
says, *Pray you sit still.*

^w *W.* reads *Can't* for *Can*; and makes
this sentence down to *wonder*, a part of

the *Lady's* foregoing speech.

^x *W.* interprets *overcome*, *deceive* ;
but *overcome* seems here to have the
same meaning with *come over*. See Dr.
Hurd's note on the *Callida junctura* of
Horace.

^y *Owe*, the same as *own*.

^z *H.* *J.* and *C.* read *cheek* for *cheeks*,
for the sake (I suppose) of the concord
with the verb *blush*; but it is the *Ruby* of
the cheeks, and not the *cheek*, that is
blanch'd.

^a The three last fo's, *signs* for *fights.*

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty !

Lady. ^b A kind good-night to all.

[*Exeunt Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. It will have blood, they say, blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
^c Augurs that ^d understood relations, have
^e By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth
The secret^f man of blood.—What is the night ?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning which is which.

Macb. How say^g thou, that *Macduff* denies his person,
At our great bidding ?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir ?

Macb. I hear it by the way ; but I will send.

^f There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(^g And betimes I will) ^h to the ⁱ weird sisters ;
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst : for mine own good,
All causes shall give way ; I am in blood
^k Stept in so far, that shoud I wade no more.

^b P. and all after, except C. omit
A kind.

^c The fo's, *Augures*, and *understood*
relations, &c.

^d *W.* and *J.* *understand* for *under-*
blood.

^e So all before P ; he and all after,
By mag-pies, and ly choughs, &c.

^f P. *There is not one*, &c. T. and all
after, *There's not a Thane of*, &c.

^g P. and all after omit *And.*

^h P. and all after, *unto* for *to*.

ⁱ The three last fo's and R. *wizard*
for *weird*.

^k The three last fo's and R. *Spent*
for *Stept.*

Returning were as tedious as ¹ go o'er.
 Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
 Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll ^m to sleep; my strange and self-abuse
 Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
 We are yet but young ⁿ in deed. [Exeunt.

• S C E N E VI.

P *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

¹ *Witch.* Why, how now, *Hecat?* you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, Beldams, as you are?

Saucy and over-bold, how did you dare
 To trade and traffic with *Macbeth*,
 In riddles, and affairs of death;
 And I, the mistress of your charms,
 The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or shew the glory of our art?

¹ H. going for go,

^m W. too for to.

^o In the fo's and C. scene 5; in R.

scene 4.

ⁿ So T. W. J. and C.; H. in deeds; P. No description in fo's.

the rest, instead.

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a ^a wayward son,
Spightful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i' th' morning; thither he
Will come, to know his destiny;
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside
I am for th' air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal, ^r and a fatal end.
Great busines must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that, distill'd by magic flights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy. [M]
Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in ^s a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

i Witch. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back again. [Exeunt.]

* P. T. W. J. and C. read *wayward*.

^r P. and all after omit *and a.*

R. and all after, except *C.* the for a
SCENE

S C E N E VII.

^u A Chamber.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret farther. Only I say,
 Things have been strangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
 Was pitied of *Macbeth*—marry, he was dead:
 And the right-valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
 Whom you may say, if 't please you, *Fleance* kill'd,
 For *Fleance* fled. Men must not walk too late.
^w Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous ^x
 It was for *Malcolm* and for *Donaldbain*
 To kill their gracious father? dairned fact!
 How ^y it did grieve *Macbeth*! did he not straight
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? ay, ^z and wisely too:

^t In the fo's and G. scene 6; in R. reads, *You cannot want, &c.*scene 5. ^x P. and all after, except C. add *too*^u No description in the fo's, R. P. after *monstrous*.and H. ^y P. and all after, except C. *did it for*^w The meaning here should seem to *it did*.be, *Who can want the thought, &c.* or, ^z P. and all after, except C. omit*Who cannot have the thought, &c.* H. and.

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
 To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
 He has born all things well; and I do think,
 That had he *Duncan's* sons under * his key,
 (As, an 't please heaven, he shall not) they ^a should find
 What 'twere to kill a father: so should *Fleance*.
 But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The ^b son of *Duncan*,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
^c Lives in the *English* court, and ^d is receiv'd
 Of the most pious *Edward* with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduff*
 Is gone to pray the ^e holy King, ^f upon his aid
 To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike ^g *Seyward*;
 That by the help of these (with Him above
 To ratify the work) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;

* The three last fo's and R. the for and P. *Live for Lives*; the rest read ^{as} bis.

^a The three last fo's, *shall* for *should*.

^b All before T. *sons* for *son*; but this appears to have been only an error of the press in the first f. by the two following notes.

^c So the first f; the other fo's, R.

^d So the fo's; R. and P. *are for is*;

the rest as in fo's.

^e P. and all after, except C. omit *holy*.

^f C. *on* for *upon*.

^g T.'s duodecimo, and all after, except C. *Seward*.

Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so ^h exasperated ⁱ the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt ^k of war.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, You'll rue the time,
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to ^l a caution, t' hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of *England*, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurst!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt*,

^h The fo's, R.'s octavo and C. read ^k P. H. and C. omit of war.
exasperate.

ⁱ So H. and C; the rest, their for bold, &c.
^l a care to
the.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

* A dark Cave; in the middle, a great Cauldron ⁿ boiling,

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch. ° Thrice and once the ^p hedge,
pig whin'd.

3 Witch. ♦ Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

[^s They march round the cauldron, and throw in the several
ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.

* This description of the scene first put in by R.

ⁿ boiling an emendation of C; R. had put burning.

° T. and all after, except C. Twice for Thrice.

P The three last fo's and R.'s octavo,
hedges pig, &c.

q P. and all after, Harper.

r W. proposes for entrails, extremes, an old word, (says he) used for ingredients. See Skinner's Etymologicon, where Entremesse is explained a mixture.

• This direction first put in by R.

Toad,

Toad, that ^t under cold stone,
Days and nights has, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

^u 2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and ^w howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

³ *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulph
Of the ^x ravening salt sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew,
^y Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and slab.

}

^t R.'s duodecimo and all after, *under*
the *cold stone*, &c.

^w P. and all after, *owlet's.*

^u P.'s duodecimo, T. W. and J. give *ing.*
this speech to the first Witch.

^x All before P. *ravin'd* for *raveng-*

^y R. *silver'd* for *sliver'd.*

Add

Add thereto a *tiger's* chawdron,
For ² th' ingredients of our ² cauldron,

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, ^b and other three Witches.

Hec. O well done ! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' th' gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring
Inchanting all that you put in.

Music and a Song.

* Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes :
Open locks, whoever knocks,

^a The fo's and C. ingredience.

^a The two first fo's, caudron.

^b The fo's, and the other, &c.

^c Only the two first words of this song are inserted in the fo's, whence R. got the remaining words we are not informed.

S C E N E II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags ?
What is 't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down ;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
Of nature's ^d germins tumble ^e all together,
Even till destruction ficken : answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We 'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters ?

^d The fo's and R. Germain ; P. Ger- emendation.
mains. Germins, i. e. seeds, is T.'s ^e The fo's and R. altogether.

Macb. Call 'em : let me see 'em.

I Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow ; grease, that's sweaten
From the murtherer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low :
Thyself and office ^f deftly show.

[Thunder.]

Apparition of an armed head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power —

I Witch. He knows thy thought :
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff !
Beware the Thane of Fife — dismiss me — enough.

[Descends.]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more —

I Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another
More potent than the first. [Thunder.]

Apparition of a bloody child arises.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to scorn
The power of man ; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

[Descends.]

Macb. Then live, Macduff ; what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate ; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies ;
And sleep in spite of thunder.

[Thunders.]

^f The two first fo's, deafly.

Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.
What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not ^g to 't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood ^h to high ⁱ Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
^k Rebellious ^l head, rise never, 'till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[^m *The cauldron sinks into the ground.*]

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know,
Why sinks that cauldron, and what noise is this? [ⁿ *Hautboys.*]

^g P. and all after omit *to't.*

^k H. Rebellion's head, &c.

^h P. and all after, to Dunsinane's

^l All before T. dead for head.

(C. Dunsinane) high hill, &c.

^m This direction not in the fo's.

ⁱ First f. Dunsmane.

ⁿ C. [Horrid music.]

1 *Witch.* Shew !

2 *Witch.* Shew !

3 *Witch.* Shew !

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart.

[° *Eight kings appear and pass over in order, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo* : Down !
Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls.—And thy ^p hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first—
A third is like the former—Filthy hags !
Why do you shew me this ?—A fourth ?—Start, ^q eyes !
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom ?—
Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more ; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.
Horrible sight ! now I see 'tis true ;
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. — What ? is this so ?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly ?

• The fo's, *A shew of eight kings, and Banquo last, with a glass in his hand.* The eighth line of the following speech will shew the necessity of the above emendation, which was aim'd to be made by T. But he unfortunately puts the glass into the hand of *Banquo* still, though he meant that the eighth king

should hold it: For he directs [Eight kings appear and pass over in order, and Banquo ; the last, with a glass in his hand.

p *W.* and *J.* air for *bair*.

q So the first f. and G; the rest, *eye*.

r *P.* and all after insert *nay* before now.

Come, sisters, clear we up his sprights,
 And shew the best of our delights ;
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your ^s antick round,
 That this great king may kindly say,
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music.]

[The witches dance, and vanish.]

Macb. Where are they? gone?—Let this pernicious hour
 Stand ay accursed in the kalendar.
 Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What 's your Grace's will?*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?*Len.* No, my Lord.*Macb.* Came they not by you?*Len.* No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
 And damn'd all those that trust them ! I did hear
 The galloping of horse. Who was 't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England*?*Len.* Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. ^u Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
 The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
 Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
 The very ^w firstlings of my heart shall be

^s All before *T.* antique.^u *J.* here directs, [Aside.]^t The 2d and 3d fo's and *R.* wizard;^w The three last fo's and *R.* firstling;

the 4th f. wizards.

The ^x firstlings of my hand. And even now,
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :
 The castle of *Macduff* I will surprize,
 Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o' th' sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
 That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
 This deed I'll do before ^y this purpose cool.
 But no more fights.—Where are these gentlemen ?
 Come bring me where they are.

[*Exeunt.*]

* S C E N E III.

Macduff's *Castle*, at Fife.Enter *Lady Macduff*, her *Son*, and *Rosse*.*L. Macd.* What had he done, to make him fly the land ?*Rosse*. You must have patience, Madam.*L. Macd.* He had none ;His flight was madness ; when our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.*Rosse*. You know not,
 Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.^x *R.* *fyrstling.*fo's, *R.* and *C.* No description of scene^y *H.* *be for tbis.*in the fo's. *C.* *A room in Macduff's*^z This called the second scene in the *castle.**L. Macd.*

L. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
 His mansion, and his titles, in a place
 From whence himself does fly. He loves us not,
 He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl:
 All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

Rosse. ^a My dearest ^b couz,
 I pray you, school yourself; but for your husband,
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' th' ^c season. I dare not speak much further,
 But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
 And do not ^d know ourselves: when we hold rumour.
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
 But float upon a wild and violent sea
^e Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
^f Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
 I take my leave at once.

[Exit Rosse.]

^a P. and H. omit *My.*

^d H. knowt for know.

^b P. and all after, except C. *cousin* for
couz.

^e C. *And move each way.*

^c P. and H. *time* for *season.*

^f H. 'T shall for Shall.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, ^g with worms and flies?

Son. ^g With what I get, ^h I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor
ⁱ lime,

The pit-fall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? poor birds they are not set
for.

^k My father is not dead for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do ^l for a fa-
ther?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll ^m buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
And yet i' faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears, and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must
be hang'd.

^g P. and all after, except C. on for
with. *With* has here the same mean-
ing.

^h The three last fo's, R. P. and H.
omit *I mean.*

ⁱ The three last fo's, R. P. and C.
line.

^k C. adds *But before My.*

^l After *do* C. inserts *now.*

^m The two first fo's, *by* for *buy.*

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macb. Why, ⁿ the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. ^o Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do ^p worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now,
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime

ⁿ The two last fo's, *R.*, *P.*, and *H.* omit *Now*.

omit *the*.

^p *H.* and *C.* *left* for *worse*; *W.* *wor-*

^o The last f. and all after, except *C.* *skip*, i. e. pay observance.

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas !
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I ^q have done no harm ? — What are these faces ?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your husband ?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He 's a traitor,

Son. Thou ly'ft, thou shag-ear'd villain,

Mur. What, you egg ?

[^r Stabbing him.]

Young fry of treachery ?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother.

Run away, ^s I pray you.

[Exit *L. Macduff*, crying *Murther*; *Murtherers* pursue her.]

S C E N E IV,

The King of England's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Malc. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

^q So the first f. and G; the rest, bad speech, it would seem as if he (who is slain) was to go out, crying *Murther*, for bave.

^r No direction in the fo's.

which is absurd.

^s P. and all after, except G. omit I.

^u This is the third scene in the fo's, R. and C. No description of the scene

^t So T. and all after; all before direct thus, *Exit, crying Murther*. But by placing this direction after the son's

palace,

Hold

Hold fast the mortal sword ; and, like good men,
 Bestride our ^w downfalu ^x birthdom. Each new morn,
 New widows howl, new orphans cry ; new sorrows
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
 As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
 Like ^y syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I 'll wail ;
 What know, believe ; and, what I can redrefs,
 As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
 What you have spoke, it may be so perchance ;
 This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
 Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well,
 He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but something
 You may ^z deserve of him through me, ^a and wisdom
 To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
 T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is,
 A good and virtuous nature may recoil
 In an imperial charge. ^b But I ^b shall crave your pardon :
 That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose ;
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell ;
 Though all things foul would ^c wear the brows of grace,
 Yet Grace must ^d still look so.

^w All before *W.* *downfalu* for *down-* ^{...} ^a H. 'tis for *and*.
falu ; *C.* *down-fall*. ^b *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *but*
^x The fo's and *R.* *birthdome* ; *P.* and ^y and *shall*.
 all after, but *J.* and *C.* *birth-doom*. ^c The last f. *R.* *W.* and *J.* bear for
^y *P.* and all after, *syllables*. ^z wear.
^z All before *T.*, read *discern* for *de-* ^d *T.*'s duodecimo, *W.*, and *J.* *look still*
 serve ; *C.* *discern*. for *still look*.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and ^c children,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? —^f I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness ^g dares not check thee: Wear ^h thou thy wrongs,
ⁱ The title is ^k affear'd.—Fare thee well, Lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that 's in the Tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you:
I think our country sinks beneath the yoak;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:

^c The first f. *childe* for *children*.

^f P. and H. omit *I pray you*.

^g The two first fo's and G. *dare* for *dares*.

^h The two first fo's, ^u *y* for *thou*.

ⁱ P. and all after, except G. *His* for *thee*.

^k P. explains *affear'd* a law term for *confirm'd*; which (after having altered *The* to *His*, as in note above) interprets the passage thus, *Macbeth's* title is con-

firmed. Heath denies that *affear'd* (or *aſſear'd* which is H.'s reading) signifies *confirm'd*; but tells us its signification is, *eliminated, proportioned, adjusted*. But *affear'd* or *aſſear'd* has here the same meaning with *afraid* (which is R.'s reading) and the passage explains itself thus, The title (which is put for him to whom the title of King belongs) is afraid to assert itself,

And

And here from gracious *England* have I offer
 Of goodly thousands. But¹ for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before ;
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. ^m It is myself I mean, in whom I know
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,
 That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
 Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor State
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
 With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
 In ⁿ evils to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, avaritious, false, deceitful,
 Sudden, malicious, ^o smacking of ^p every sin
 That has a name. But there 's no bottom, none,
 In my voluptuousness ; your wives, your daughters,
 Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
 The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
 All continent impediments would o'erbear
 That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
 Than such an one to reign,

¹ H. after *But* adds *yet*.

ⁿ P. H. and C. ills for evils.

^m This conference of *Malcolm* with
Macduff is taken out of the chronicles
 of Scotland. P.

^o The three last fo's and R. *smacking*

^p P. and H. each for every.

Macd.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
 In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
 Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours : you may
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
 We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
 That vulture in you to devour so many,
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
 In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
 A stanchless avarice, that were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house ;
 And my more having would be as a sauce
 To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and ^a loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
^b Sticks deeper ; grows with more pernicious root
 Than ^c summer-seeming lust ; and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear
 Scotland hath ^d foysons, to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own. All these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

^a Both P.'s editions, *royal* for *loyal*. Heath proposes, *summer-seeding*.

^b *H.* and *W.* *frikes* for *sticks*.

^c The two last fo's, *poissons* for *foys*.

^d *T. H. W.* and *C.* *summer-teeming* ; *sons*.

Mal. But I have none : the king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temp'rance, stahlenes,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude ;
 I have no relish of them, but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. " Nay, had I power, I should
 " Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland ! Scotland !

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern ?

No, not to live. O nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurst,
 And does blasphem'e his breed. Thy Royal father
 Was a most sainted king ; the queen that bore thee,
 Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
 Dy'd every day she liv'd. " Fare thee well !
 These evils thou repeat'ft upon thyself
 * Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast !
 Thy hope ends here,

^u H. alters this line thus, *Sow'r the
suyces milk of concord into hate.*

^w P. and all after but G. *Ob fare the
well.*

^x The so's, *Hath for Have,*

Mal. *Macduff,* this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wip'd the black scruples; reconcil'd my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish *Macbeth*
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste; but God above
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to ^y woman, never was ^z forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray
 The devil to his fellow, and delight
 No less in truth than life. My first false speaking
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
 Is thine and my poor country's to command;
 Whither, indeed, before ^a thy liere-approach,
 Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men,
^b All ready at ^c a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together, and ^d the chance ^e of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once,
^f Tis hard to reconcile.

^y The three last fo's, *R. P.* and *H.*
^z women for woman.

^c *W.* says, Shakespeare certainly wrote
^f appoint, i. e. at the place appointed, at
 the rendezvous.

^a First f. *they* for *thy.*

^d *H.* our for *the.*

^b The fo's, *Already.*

S C E N E V .

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched souls, That stay his cure; their malady ^f convinces The great assay of art. But, at his touch, Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, They presently amend.

[Exit.]

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil; A most miraculous work in this good King, Which often since my here-remain in *England* I have seen him do. How he sollicits heaven, Himself best knows; but strangely visit'd people, All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, The mere despair of surgery, he cures, Hanging a golden stamp about their necks, Put on with holy prayers. And 'tis spoken, To the succeeding Royalty he leaves The healing benediction. With this strange virtue, He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy; And sundry blessings hang about his throne, That speak him full of grace.

e H. in for of.

f convinces for defeats, overcomes.
W.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not;

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove

* The means that ^b makes us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country,

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,

But who knows nothing is once seen to smile:

Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that ⁱ rend the air

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell

Is there scarce ask'd, for ^k who; and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps;

Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. * Oh relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

g The three last fo's and R. The
means, the means that, &c.

^b H. and J. make for makes.

i The fo's and C. rent for rend.

^k P. and all after, except C. whom for
two.

Rosse.

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker :
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : How goes 't ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,

Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out,

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.

Now is the time of help ; your eye in *Scotland*

Would create soldiers, ^m make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be 't their comfort,

We are coming thither. Gracious *England* hath

Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thousand men,

An older, and a better soldier, none

That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like ! But I have words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,

Where hearing should not ⁿ catch them.

Macd. What concern they ?

The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,

Due to some single breast ?

¹ H. Relation, oh ! too nice, &c. ^m make women, &c.

ⁿ P. and all after, except C. and ⁿ The fo's and C. latch for catch.

Rosse.

Rosse. No mind, that 's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humh! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murther'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!—my wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let 's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—° All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? ° O hell-kite! all?

° *H.* inserts *What* before *All*. text, *O bell-kite all, &c.* to the end of
 ¶ After all, *P. T. H. W.* and *J.* add, the speech,
what, all? *P.* and *H.* omit in their

What,

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. ^q Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall ^r do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine!
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whet-stone of your sword; let grief
Convert to ^s anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle ^t heavens!
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he ^u'scape,
^v Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This ^w tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

^q P. and H. *Endure* for *Dispute*. ^{wens.}

^r P. and H. omit *do so*. ^u P. and all after, except C. add

^s P. and all after, except C. *wrath* Then before *heaven*.
for *anger*.

^t P. and all after, *heaven* for *bea-* emendation.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

^{*} An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a ^y waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. **I** Have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this flumbray agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

^{*} No description in fo's.

^y All but the fo's and C. omit *waiting*.

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not ^a report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense ^a is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to ^b satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out, damned spot; out, I say—One, two; why then 'tis time to do 't—Hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, fie! a soldier, and ^c afar'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

^a W. thinks it should rather be *re-
peat* than *report*.

^a The fo's, are for is.

^b W. *fortify* for *satisfy*.

^c So the fo's and C; the rest, *afraid*.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane of Fife* had a wife; where is she now? What will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my Lord, no more o' that: you mar all with ^d this start-ing.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that:

Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of ^e the blood still; all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! the ^f heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well—

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale—I tell you yet again, *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out ^g on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.

^d The three last fo's, R. P. and H.
omit this.

^e The first f. *hart*.
^g P. and all after, of his for on 's;
The last fo's, R. P. and H. omit except C. who reads of 's.
the.

Come,

Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[Exit Lady.]

Doct. Will she now go to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the Divine than the Physician: * God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her: so good night! My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

^b A Field, with a Wood at distance.

ⁱ Drum and colours. Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by *Malcolm*, His uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*. Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes * Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.

* P. and H. Good God, forgive, &c.

^b C. Country near Dunsinane. No description in the fo's.

ⁱ Drum and colours omitted by all but

the fo's and C.

^k The three last fo's and R. omit this line.

Ang. Near Birnam-wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbain* be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is *Seyward's* son
And many¹ unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood,

Ment. What does the Tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunfinane* he strongly fortifies;
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser^m hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murthers sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.
Meet we the ⁿ mod'cine of the fickly weal

¹ The two first fo's, *unruffe*; the two last and R. *unruff*; P. *unruff'd*. T. explains *unrough* by *unbearded*.

^m The two last fo's, *bates for hate*.

ⁿ W. says we should read *medicin*, i. e. physician.

And

And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make ^o we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt* ^r *marching*.]

S C E N E III.

^s *The Castle of Dunfinane.*

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
^r Till Birnam-wood remove to *Dunfinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy, *Malcolm*?
Was he not born of woman? ^r The spirits, that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd ^s me thus;
Fear not, *Macbeth*; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Then fly, false *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *English* epicures.
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd ^t loon!
Where got'ft thou that goose-look?

^o *T.*'s octavo reads *me* for *we*; his duodecimo, *W.* and *J.* up for *we*.

^r *P.* and all after omit *The*.

^s *P.* and all after, *it* for *me thus*;

^r All but *fo*'s and *C.* omit *marching*, except *C.* who reads *me*, omitting *ibus*.

^q No description in *fo*'s. *C.* *A room in the castle.* ^t The last *f.* and all after, except *C.*

lown for *loon*.

Ser. There ^u are ten thousand —

Macb. Geese, villain ?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, ^w whey-face ?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton !—I am sick
heart,

When I behold — Seyton, I say !—This push
Will clear me ever, or ^x disease me now.
I have liv'd long enough : my ^y way of life
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf :
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but in their stead,
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

^z Seyton !—

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What 's your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

^u Fo's and C. is for are.

May of life. Way is used for course,

^v The fo's and R. whay-face.

progress. W.

^x The first f. dif-eate for dif-eise.

The Anonymus appears to be J.

Shakespeare might write diffat.

^z R. P. and H. omit Seyton !

^y An Anonymus would have it — my

Macb. I'll fight 'till from my bones my flesh ^a be hackett;
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out ^b more horses, skirre the country round;
Hang those ^c that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure ^d her ^e of that.
Canst thou not minister ^f to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
^g Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the ^h stuff bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister ⁱ to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out—Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me—
Come, Sir, dispatch—If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,

^a The three last fo's, *R. P.* and *H.* of.
is for be.

ⁱ *P.* and *H.* read to minds diseas'd,
&c.

^b The two first fo's, *moe* for *more*.
^c The three last fo's and *R.* that stand
in fear, &c.

^g The third f. *raise* for *raze*.

^d First f. omits *her*.

^h *P.* and *H.* full for *stuff*.

^e The two last fo's and *R.* from for unto for to.

ⁱ So the first f; the rest, except *C.*

And

And purge it to a sound and ^k pristine health;
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,
 That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say—
 What rhubarb, ^l senna, or what purgative drug,
 Would scour these *English* hence? Hear'ft ^m thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; your Royal preparation
 Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.
 I will not be afraid of death and bane,
 'Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Were I from *Dunsinane* away and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

ⁿ Birnam wood.

* *Drum and Colours.* Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff,
 Seyward's Son, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers
 marching.

Mal. * Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
 That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Sey. What wood is this before us?

^k The first f. *priſtine*.

^o wood adjacent. No description in fo's.

^l The first f. *cyme* for *senna*; the 2d
and 3d, *cany*.

^o All but the fo's and C. omit, *Drum*
and Colours.

^m First f. ^u for *thou*.

^p The two last fo's, *R. P.* and *H.*

ⁿ C. *Plains leading to Dunsinane*; a

Cousin for *Cousins*.

Ment.

Ment. The wood of ^q Birnam.

Mal. Let ev'ry soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Sey. We learn no other, but the ^r confident tyrant
Keeps still in *Dunfinane*, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is ^s advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. ^t Let our ^u just censures
^w Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe;
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Towards which advance the war. [Exeunt marching.]

^q The first f. *Birname*.

^t R. Set for *Let*.

^r W. confin'd for *confident*.

^u The three last fo's and R. best for

^s J. proposes, a 'vantage to be gone, just.

^v The three last fo's and R. Before

&c. C. reads *advantage to be gone*,

^w The three last fo's and R. Before

&c. for *Attend*.

S C E N E V.

^x *The Castle of Dunsinane.*

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, They come: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up;
Were they not ^y forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my ^z fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
As life were in 't. I have ^a supt full with horrors;
Direnese, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot ^b once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my Lord, is dead.

^x C. Dunsinane. A plat-form within
the castle. No description in fo's,

^y forc'd for reinforc'd. P.

^z fell is skin. J.

^a H. surfeited for supt full.

^b H. now for once.

Macb.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
 • There would have been a time for such a word.
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to ^d dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor Player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more. It is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: Thy story quickly.

Mef. • Gracious my Lord,
 I should report that which ^e I say I saw,
 But know not how to do 't.

Macb. Well, say ^g, fir.

Mef. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[^h Striking him.]

Mef. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so.
 Within this three mile may you see it coming;
 I say, a moving grove.

^c J. proposes to read,—*There would have been a time for—Such a world!—Tomorrow, &c.*

^d The three last fo's, R. P. and C. *studly for dusty; H. and W. dusty.* This amendment was hinted by T. though

not put in his text.

^e So the first f. and C; the rest, *My gracious Lord, &c.*

^f H. and C. *I'd for I.*

^g P. and all after add *it* after *say.*

^h This direction not in the fo's.

Macb.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
 'Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
 I ⁱ pull in resolution, and begin
 To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
 That lies like truth. “ Fear not, till ^k Birnam-wood
 Do come to Dunfinane” — and now a wood
 Comes ^l toward Dunfinane. Arm, arm, and out !
 If this which he avouches does appear,
 There is ^m no flying hence, nor tarrying here ;
 I 'gin to be ⁿ a weary of the sun
 And wish ^o th' estate o' th' world were now undone.
 Ring the alarum bell. Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
 At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.]

ⁱ *J.* proposes *pall* for *pull*.

^k First f. *Byrnane-wood*. In this edition it is in different places variously spelt, viz. *Byrnam*, *Byrnau*, *Birname* and *Byrnane*.

^l *W.* and *J.* towards.

^m The two first fo's, *T. W. J.* and *C.* nor for no.

ⁿ *J.* omits *a*.

^o So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C.* the state for th' estate.

S C E N E VI.

* Before Dunsinane.

* Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, and their Army with Boughs.

Mal. Now, near enough. Your leavy screens throw down,
And shew like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle. * Worthy *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well.

* Do we but find the Tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt.

[Alarums continued.

* Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What 's he
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

* This description not in fo's. for worthy.

q All but fo's and C. omit Drum and colours. s P. and H. Let us but find, &c.

r P. and all after, except C. brave scene, which they make the last.

Enter

Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Sey. No, though thou call'ft thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's *Macbeth*.

Y. Sey. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Y. Sey. "Thou liest, abhorred Tyrant; with my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'ft.

Fight, and young Seyward is slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, shew thy face;
If thou be'ft slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched *Kernes*, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; ^w either thou, *Macbeth*,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'ft be—
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune,
And more I beg not.

[*Exit. Alarums.*]

^v The three last fo's and *R. Then* ^w *P.* and all after, except *C.* or for
liest, thou *abhorred,* &c. *either.*

Enter

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Sey. This way, my Lord; the castle's gently rendred;
The Tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war;
The day almost * itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes,
That strike beside us.

Sey. Enter, Sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own sword? y' whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I haue avoided thee.
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my fword! Thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [Fight. *Alarum.*

Macb. Thou losest labour;
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen fword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests,
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm,

* *J. professes itself yours, &c.*

y R. and all after, except C. Whiffl.

And let the Angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man;
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, Coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the Tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, ² being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, *Macduff*;
And damn'd be ² he, that first cries, "Hold, enough."

[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*

² *T. W.* and *J.* be for *being*.

² The *fo's*, *R.* and *C.* *bim* for *be*.

S C E N E VII^b.

Retreat and flourish. Enter, with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Sey. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my Lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowes confirm'd,
In the unshrinking stantion where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Sey. Then ^c he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of
forrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Sey. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

^b The fo's and R. here insert the and either make the curtain fall, or exit
following direction, *Enter fighting, and Macduff*, and the body of *Macbeth* car-
Macbeth slain; which supposes *Macbeth* ried off, before *Malcolm*, &c. enter.
and *Macduff* to re-enter, and end their ^c P. and all after, except G. is be for
duel upon the stage. If we allow this *be it*,
direction, we must also put in another;

I would not wish them to a fairer death.
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow ;
And that I'll spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more ;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score.
* And so God be with him !—Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King ! for so thou art ! Behold, where stands

Th' Usurper's cursed head. The time is free ;
I see thee compast with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine ;—
Hail, King of Scotland !

All. Hail, King of Scotland !

[Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the fates of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen,

* P. and all after, except C. omit 1st and 2d, pearl; the rest, peers for
And. pearl.

* So the 3d and 4th fo's and C; the P. and all after, except C. omit
My.

(Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;) this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of ^E Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place.
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at *Scone*.

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*

^E For *Grace*, *P.* and *H.* read *beaven*; *W.* *God*.

F I N I S.

